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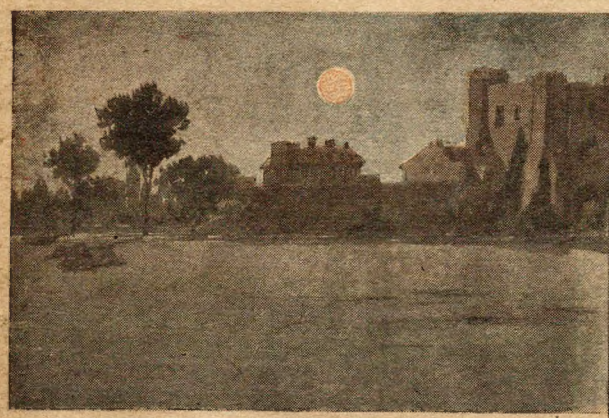
# The Ghost of the Abbey; Or, The Haunted Tower

By GRANVILLE OSBORNE



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"IT ISN'T always the most deserving folk that g'ts all cakes an' ale in this topsy-turvy world," mused Barry pessimistically, as he glanced with rueful countenance at his empty tobacco-pouch. "If ivery man was rewarded according to desarts, it is millionaires ye an' me wad be, sir," he added after a short, gloomy silence.

"My poor Barry? To think that I who regard you with almost brotherly affection, should have been the means of bringing you to this sorry pass!" groaned his master remorsefully. "You ought not to have linked your fortune with so unlucky a fellow as Denis O'Hara, and I reproach myself every hour of the day for my weakness, nay, selfishness, in allowing you to leave the old country to share my precarious existence."

"Don't be afther doing that, Masther Denis, darlin'! Shure, wouldn't I raythor starve wid ye, than live on the fat o' the land wid—wid the viceroy hisself?" retorted the young Irishman earnestly, as he glanced up at his companion, his pathetic, brown eyes full of that absolute trust and devotion one sometimes sees reflected in the watchful eyes of a faithful dog. "Ay, and it has come to starvation?" remarked the other bitterly. "We have spent our last penny, eaten our last crust, and if ever we reach Plymouth, which I doubt, it will be to seek admittance into the workhouse," he concluded with a desponding sigh.

"Well yer honor, I dare say that we should find the poorhouse a very convenient place for a night's lodging," protested Barry cheerfully; "but if it's my advice ye're afther axing, I should say that 'soldiering' was more in our line than breaking stones and picking oakum, or whatever they makes thim poor paupers do for their keep. Do ye know sorr, I should raythor fancy meself in regimentals wid all the lovely colleens casting sheep's eyes at me! and as for yerself—why, such a foine figure of a man entoirely——"

At this point his master interrupted him wearily.

"I fear that no self-respecting recruiting sergeant would bestow the King's shilling on such a couple of ragamuffins as we are," he observed grimly. "Oh, Barry, when I think of my many lost opportunities and of the money I have frittered away, I could sit down by the roadside and weep!" added the young man in a voice full of emotion bordering upon despair.

"Better to forget it all and kape on jogging on, sorr," was Barry's sensible advice. "Thinking o' what might ha' been niver did a mortal any good," he concluded philosophically.

Denis O'Hara had been brought up by a wealthy uncle with the understanding that upon the old gentleman's demise, he was to inherit the picturesque castle where his happy boyhood had been spent togther with the surrounding valuable property. His astonishment and dismay can therefore be well imagined when, shortly after the old man's death, a letter arrived from Australia stating that the latter's only son—who, it had been presumed, had died unmarried—had left a widow and son who were now on their way to Ireland to claim their rightful inheritance. Satisfactory proofs of these persons' identity had been duly forwarded to the family solicitors, so that there was nothing left for Denis to do but bow to the inevitable and seek the means of gaining his own living.

With this idea in view he left his native land, and, accompanied by his faithful servant Barry, sought a cheap passage to England in a cattle-boat plying between Waterford and Plymouth. The vessel, however, was unfortunately run down one foggy night, and, the survivers being rescued by a passing steamer bound for Bristol, the two young men, who had lost all their belongings, found themselves penniless in that port.

Every one might have guessed at a situation as good as Denis O'Hara ultimately refused to leave Plymouth, so that after a few weeks of fruitless quest the two young men found themselves on the verge of starvation.

It was Barry's suggestion that they should walk to Plymouth and seek the relative whom Denis had originally intended visiting with a view to consulting him as to the means of procuring a situation, but the young Irishman had overestimated his master's strength; for Denis was so weakened by the low diet of the last few weeks that it seemed doubtful whether he would ever reach the busy seaport. The weather, moreover, greatly augmented their sufferings; for the wind was bitterly cold, whilst gray skies and threatening snowstorms made them shiver and think longingly of their warm great coats with which they had been obliged to part in order to buy food.

It wanted but a few days to Christmas, and the young men's hearts sank even lower at the idea of spending the festive season tramping wearily up and down the steep hills and along the rugged roads of North Devon.

"It is no use, Barry, I cannot go another step!" gasped Denis presently, and, to Barry's dismay, his master sank down upon a bowlder, quite overcome with fatigue, and faint for want of food.

"Oh, Masther Denis, darlin', don't be after giving way just yet! See, there's an illigant house yonder, where we will go and beg a crust of bread and a glass of milk." The young Irishman pointed eagerly in the direction of some trees, through which peeped a castellated tower and the gabbled chimneys of a large mansion.

"No, no! I cannot stoop to beg! I'd rather starve," murmured O'Hara faintly as he buried his face in his hands in an attitude of despair.

"Thin shure I'll do the axing! Come, sorr, ye can't stay here, ye know, a-catching yer death o' cold!" Barry hauled his master to his feet and half-dragged, half-supported him along the hard, white road. Upon reaching the lodge gates, which happened to be standing open, the two young men passed through and found themselves in an extensive demesne. The scene which met their gaze was both delightful and impressive.

On the right the land sloped down to a tiny bay two hundred feet below; on the left a thickly wooded knoll, capped by a romantic-looking tower, rose for many hundreds of feet, whilst the residence itself, which was approached by an imposing ivy-covered gateway nestled snugly in a hollow against a background of somber firs. The structure, one wing of which wore an antique appearance, resembled an old abbey or priory, and, although a large portion was fairly modern and had evidently been rebuilt within the last century, the whole effect was exceedingly pleasing and picturesque.

The weary travelers had not proceeded far, however, when without any warning, O'Hara suddely fell forward on the frozen grass in a dead faint. In a moment Barry had cast himself beside him, calling upon his master in terms of endearment, and feeling utterly distracted by this last crushing blow. It was growing dusk moreover, which added to the hopelessness of the situation.

As he knelt there, supporting the unconscious man's head upon his knees and imploring him somewhat superfluously to open his eyes, a figure emerged from behind a clump of firs, and a sweet voice exclaimed solicitously:

"Is your friend ill? Can I be of any assistance?"

Barry looked up quickly. It seemed to him as if an angel had suddenly come to his deliverance; for there, standing close beside him, was a graceful, golden-haired girl, with a beautiful, earnest face and an expression of deep pity in her great violet eyes.

"Indade, and he is that, miss! My poor master! Sure it's faint from cold and hunger that he is entoirely!"

"Starving! Oh, how dreadful! We must get him up to the house at once. I will fetch some one from the lodge to assist you. But tell me first what is the cause of your being in such distress! Your master appears to be of gentle birth," continued the girl as she gazed curiously upon the handsome, refined features of the unconscious man.

"Gentle birth is it ye're afther saying? Isn't he descended from the King of Ould Ireland?" retorted Barry impressively. "We've been the victims of untold misfortunes! Oh, would that we'd niver crossed the treacherous ocean an' come from the land of sunshine to this cold, cheerless country!"

The girl's eyes suddenly opened their widest, and an eager, excited expression stole into her face.

"The Kings of Ireland! The land of sunshine!" she reiterated slowly. "Surely, surely, he cannot be Michael Desmond, my cousin, whom we are daily expecting

from Australia?" she asked tentatively.

"Is he not, indade?" asked Barry truculently.

"He is really my cousin! Oh, poor poor fellow What terrible calamity can have happened to reduce him to such a pitiable condition?"

"Sure, an' wasn't we shipwrecked, and all me master's illigant luggage sunk to the bottom of the salt sea? To say nothing of the bags of jools and golden sovereigns, which like as not thim mermaids are playing pitch and toss wid, whilst their lawful owner dies o' want!" said Barry, who possessed the fine gift of romancing and the usual vivid imaginative powers peculiar to his countrymen.

"How shocking!" murmured the girl sympathetically. "Did the ship run on the rocks, or was there a collision?"

"A collision, missie. We was run down by another steamer, one dark night, and picked up by a fishing-boat, which landed us at the port of Bristol without a blessed penny in our pockets," continued this able raconteur unblushingly.

"Dear! I have not noticed an account of a disaster to any Australian liner in the papers lately," said the young lady thoughtfully. "Do you mean to say that you have walked all the way from Bristol?" she added wonderingly.

"Yes, miss; my master thought it best to come on straight here. 'Barry,' he says to me, 'I'll go and see the swate young lady'—meaning yerself, miss—'in spite of my misfortunes. She will not despise me because I'm poor, bless her pretty face! She——'"

"You can tell me all your adventures later on," interrupted the girl hastily. "We must get Mr. Desmond indoors without further delay. Please remain here while I see whether the gamekeeper is in the lodge; if so, he will help you carry my cousin up to the house." So saying she ran lightly away.

"Ye've been and done it this time Barry, me boy!" muttered the young man softly, when he was once more alone with his still unconscious master. "May the blessed saints forgive me the lies I've tould this day!" he added piously.

With the assistance of the gamekeeper Denis was carried straightway up to the house, the interior of which somewhat awed Barry in spite of his bravado.

They passed through a fine entrance-hall, upon the paneled walls of which hung many trophies of the chase, and where a huge log fire spluttered cheerfully in the open grate, sending forth a comforting warmth and a delicious aroma of pines. The place was furnished, moreover, with quaint, old-fashioned chairs, settles and big oak presses, which added greatly to its picturesqueness.

The party then mounted a wide staircase and passed along a corridor of considerable length. It appeared to be an enormous house and the passages and corridors were bewildering to the young Irishman, who had never before been inside of residence of such vast dimensions.

As the quartette were resting upon one of the landings they were met by a little old lady clad in a handsome black silk gown, profusely trimmed about the bodice with valuable lace. She wore a dainty arrangement of lace and black velvet upon her snow-white hair; moreover her small withered hands glittered with many valuable rings.

She looked considerably astonished, not to say alarmed, at the extraordinary sight of two tramps—for poor Denis and Barry really appeared as such—being escorted triumphantly into her irreproachable domain by her niece and her gamekeeper, and visions of thieves and poachers rendered the poor lady for the moment speechless with fear.

"Oh! Aunt Lucinda!" cried the girl hurrying forward. "What do you think? Here is poor Michael Desmond arrived! He has been shipwrecked and has lost everything he possessed! He has actually fainted from hunger and exhaustion! Shall we carry him to the blue room, which has already been prepared for him?"

"Goodness gracious, child! What a terrible catastrophe!" exclaimed Miss St. Quentin, throwing up her hands in dismay. "Yes, yes, let him be taken thither without delay and see that a fire is lighted, for he must be nearly frozen. Fortunately the bed has been well aired. Tell cook to send up some strong beef-tea and—oh, dear, yes—some brandy! To think that poor Mary's son should have come to such a pass!" added the old lady, much flurried and excited at these unusual happenings in her quiet house. Then, pulling her niece aside, she whispered, glancing furtively at Barry, "Who is that dreadful looking person, my dear?"

"Oh, that is Michael's faithful servant, who has shared all his misfortunes! Do you not remember that my cousin wrote to tell us that he was bringing his valet? The young man will relate his master's adventure presenty; in the meantime he must go down to the servant's hall and get something to eat," concluded the girl briskly.

Barry, however, although desperately hungry, refused to leave his master until he had regained consciousness, which happily the latter did shortly.

Denis seemed too ill to realize his situation, for he asked no questions, and after partaking of light, nourishing food he subsequently sank into the heavy slumber of utter exhaustion and merciful oblivion.

## CHAPTER II.

When Denis O'Hara awoke the following morning from a long, refreshing sleep, he gazed curiously round the quaint, low-ceilinged bedroom in which he found himself.

His eyes wandered in amazement from the dark, oak-paneled walls and heavy, old-fashioned furniture towards the fireplace, by which, in a comfortable armchair, sat Barry calmly reading a newspaper. Yes, surely it was Barry, although he looked a very different individual from when his master had last set eyes on him. His face was clean, his chin newly-shaven and his curly hair cropped severely short; moreover, he was clad in a neat dark suit which gave him a most respectable appearance. Barry was a dapper little man, with a shrewd, somewhat plain face, merry brown eyes, and a wholly comical wide mouth, which displayed two rows of strong white teeth when he grinned, which he did very frequently. For the rest he possessed a lithe, wiry figure, which was at present rather attenuated from the privations of the last few months.

"Barry!" called out O'Hara sharply.

"Sir!" cried that worthy, springing to his feet and rushing to the bedside. "Oh, Masther Denis, darlin', ye look more like yerself again, the saints be praised!"

"What does this mean? Where am I?" demanded his master laconically.

"Sure, ye fainted dead away by the roadside, and whilst I was bemoaning and wondering what was become of us a beautiful young lady, wid hair like spun gold, for all the worrid like a princess in a fairy-tale, comes up and axes so sweet-like, what was the matter. When I tould her our misfortune she up and fetches' the gamekeeper from the lodge, and he and I between us carried yer honor here," explained Barry.

"How exceedingly kind of her to show such compassion to a perfect stranger! But I have always heard that Devonshire people are very hospitable. I must tender her my grateful thanks before we continue our journey," said Denis earnestly.

"Whist, now, Master Denis! We'll not be in any hurry to move on yet awhile. We've got a nice soft billet here, an' seem to have fallen on our feet at last. Ye see, sir, I've had to do a little bit of romancing, though it wasn't exactly my fault in the first place," remarked Barry rather ambiguously.

"Romancing! What do you mean?" demanded his master curiously.

"Well, sir, it was like this. When I was trying to tell the young lady who we were she interrupts me by axing if ye was not her cousin Michael Desmond whom she is expecting from Australia; and as it seemed cruel to disappoint the poor girl, for she seemed to set such store in her relative, I says, 'Yes, ye was,'" explained Barry in rather a shame-faced manner, conscious that his master's keen gray eyes were fixed on him sternly.

"Then I am accepting hospitality under false pretenses? It was too bad of you, Barry, to get me into such an awkward position," said O'Hara in an annoyed tone, "although no doubt you meant it kindly," he added more gently, noting the supplicated look on the face of his faithful friend.

"For the very best, sir," asserted Barry gravely.

"Well, well, the misunderstanding can easily be explained without compromising you very much. I can say that you did not quite understand the young lady. Now get me my clothes, please."

"Ye're never going to get up, sir?"

"I am—immediately. I will not pose as an impostor one moment longer."

"What! Ye're going to say ye're not the young lady's cousin, after all my plotting and scheming, and the fairy-tales I've invented for ye—bout shipwrecks and such like misfortunes? cried Barry, aghast.

"Most decidedly I am."

"Faix, thin, I'll tell thim that ye're out of yer mind—that the shock of the collision has turned yer head!" declared Barry in a determined tone. "Oh, Master Denis, don't do nothing hasty! Sure it would be flying in the face of Providence if ye're foolish enough to throw away this piece of good luck which fate has placed in our path! For my sake, let us rest here a few days before continuing our journey—for my strength is well-nigh spent," he added plaintively.

Denis meditated for a moment, the muscles of his thin, handsome face tightening into a more stern, set expression. Then, after a short silence, he asked: "What is the name of this place, and to whom does it belong?"

"It is called Lyndale Abbey, and is the property of Miss St. Quentin—the dearest ould lady that iver ye see! Her niece lives wid her—the spun-gold young lady as I was telling ye about—and her name is Miss Myrene St. Quentin. Ye see, I've been down in the sarvants' hall, where I had a bit of a palaver with Miss Myrene's maid—a darlin' little colleen wid eyes as black as sloes; her name is Ada, an'——"

"Do you expect me to act a living lie to these unprotected gentlewomen?" interrupted Denis hotly. "Oh, Barry, I have sunk low enough in all conscience, but not quite so low as that" he said bitterly.

"It's only for a few days, yer honor—till we're strong enough to jog on again," argued Barry.

"Give me my clothes," said O'Hara curtly. Silently his servant handed him a well-cut gray suit which was lying over the back of a chair.

Denis waved the garments away impatiently. "I will wear no borrowed plumes," he said firmly.

"Then ye'll have to go about like thim pore haythen South Sea Islanders, for sure yer own bits of things is gone to glory!" quoth Barry calmly.

"What do you mean, exclaimed his master, with a startled look.

"The ould lady said as how our clothes was to be burnt entirely, because we came from Bristol, an' she is in mortal fear of the smallpox."

"Oh, well in that case there is no alternative!" said the young man, with a sigh, and somewhat reluctantly he suffered Barry to dress him in the garments that the younger Miss St. Quentin's brother had fortunately left on his last visit and which fitted Denis extremely well. He felt very weak and shaky when his toilet was completed, but he was anxious to see his hostess and make apologies for Barry's prevarications.

With the assistance of his servant the young man made his way downstairs, and as he was crossing the hall and wondering in which of the numerous sitting-rooms he should find the ladies, a door opened and a slight, girlish figure stood upon the threshold.

Barry had certainly not exaggerated the beauty of Myrene St. Quentin, for as Denis stood for a moment gazing at her questioningly he thought he had never seen so fair a young girl before.

A pair of deep-violet eyes fringed by long lashes regarded him earnestly, and contrasted admiringly with the masses of bright, wavy hair which glittered like threads of living gold in the morning sun.

Her features were small and regular, her expression sweet and tender; she possessed, moreover, a complexion, "like a basin of milk into which rose-petals had fallen!" "Cousin Michael!" she exclaimed, hastening forward to greet him. "Oh, how very rash of you to get up so early! You ought at least to have waited until after breakfast!"

"I could not rest until I had seen you and explained everything, began Denis awkwardly; but the girl interrupted him quickly. "I absolutely refuse to listen to any explanations until you have had some breakfast," she said in mock severity. "Why, you will be fainting again and frightening poor Aunt Lucinda out of her wits! Come in here and sit down by the fire until the gong sounds." And with a pretty air of authority, she led the way into a small morningroom and drew forward a comfortable armchair.

It was an extremely pleasant room, furnished in a more modern fashion than the rest of the house, and containing many dainty evidences of the young girl's belongings. Scraps of half-finished needlework, books and magazines lay scattered about, whilst every available vase and bowl was filled with such flowers as consented to bloom at that cheerless season of the year, and Denis felt quite content to remain there watching sweet Myrene and to put off making the dread confession for awhile, at least.

Yet it must be made sooner or later, and then he would have to go away and never again see this charming girl who had already made a deep impression upon him.

"Yes, Aunt Lucinda is naturally very anxious about you," continued his companion after a short pause, "for you see the poor dear has been so looking forward to your visit. Besides, she has not been very strong lately—she suffers from a weak heart—and the one thing that has kept her up was the thought of your arrival. I really believe that if you had lost your life in that terrible shipwreck she would not have survived the shock," continued the girl.

"Supposing that there was some mistake—that my servant had misunderstood you last night, and that I were not your cousin after all?" questioned Denis in a low voice.

"It would break her heart," replied Myrene in a tone of grave decision. Then, she added lightly, "Why talk of so improbable a contingency? No such mistake has been made—at least, I hope not!"—looking at him with troubled eyes.

Before the confession which was trembling upon the young man's lips could be uttered the door suddenly opened and the elder Miss St. Quentin entered abruptly.

Upon seeing that the invalid was present, the gentle, frail-looking old lady gave an exclamation of genuine delight, and then, swiftly advancing, placed her arms about him embracing the already sufficiently embarrassed young man.

"My dear, dear nephew! My beloved sister's only son! At length my prayers have been answered, and I have seen Mary's child before I die!" she murmured brokenly.

Feeling exceedingly guilty and uncomfortable, Denis muttered some vague words of greeting, and Miss St. Quentin continued eagerly:

"Now that you have come, my dear boy, you will not want to hurry away. My health is indifferent, and I am getting too old to bear the strain and worry relative to the management of this large estate. It needs a man to see to things properly, and, as one day the place will be yours, surely you are the fittest person to perform the task. I fear you will find Lyndale a dull place after all your travels and adventures; but promise me that you will remain here for some time at least," she pleaded, her dim eyes regarding his grave, handsome face wistfully.

Denis' gaze suddenly met that of Myrene, who was regarding him imploringly. It was impossible to mistake the expression on the girl's face—she earnestly desired him to accede to her aunt's request.

"I will remain as long as you wish," said the young man in a low voice. It was a safe reply, he thought, for when his hostess discovered his identity she would undoubtedly bid him depart.

"Heaven bless you for those words! You have made me very happy, dear nephew!" murmured the old lady in a tone of deep emotion.

At that moment, to our hero's great relief, the sound of a gong vibrated loudly through the hall.

"Come, auntie, darling! Breakfast! Cousin Michael must be simply starving!" cried Myrene gayly as she threw open the door.

Denis gave his arm courteously to the elder lady and escorted her gravely to the diningroom, feeling that there was now no turning back, and that he had indeed "burned his boats behind him."

## CHAPTER III.

As Miss St. Quentin was an exceedingly garrulous person Denis soon learned as much of his supposed family history as enabled him to talk intelligently upon the subject, and if he seemed rather reticent regarding his Australian life the good woman was far too happy to notice the remission.

To his disappointment he saw scarcely anything of Myrene, for the girl was obliged to drive into Lyndale, the nearest village, to make a few cash purchases before Christmas—and, alas, he was not considered strong enough to accompany her!

She appeared at luncheon, however, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes from her drive in the crisp, keen air, but immediately vanished again at the conclusion of the meal; and, a little later, as Denis was staring moodily out of a window, he saw her walking down the drive—a dainty figure clad in a warm fur coat and a white woolen tam-o'-shanter, in which a sprig of holly gleamed coquettishly, surmounting the "spun-gold" hair.

The girl carried a covered basket upon her arm, and it was not difficult to guess that she was taking substantial Christmas cheer to some poor cottager.

The short winter afternoon, however, soon drew to a close, and, when the curtains were snugly drawn and the lamps lighted, Myrene's silvery laughter was heard in the hall as she gave directions for the putting up of certain wreaths and devices that her clever fingers had designed for the interior adornment of the picturesque old abbey.

Denis felt that he could remain passive no longer, and, to Aunt Lucinda's dismay, he boldly made his way toward the hall.

The pretty scene which met his gaze was one which was indelibly impressed on the young man's memory.

A huge fire leaped and roared on the hearth between the bright brass dogs,

## THE TASKMASTERS.

**I saw men toil with troubled brows;**
**I saw them strain at heavy loads;**
**They bent o'er desks and looms and plows;**
**They wrought as though scourged on with goads.**

**I asked, "What masters drive ye so,**
**That nevermore your toil is stayed?"**
**They pointed, smilingly and slow,**
**To where the little children played.**

illuminating every corner and cranny of the hall and casting quaint reflections upon the polished suits of mail and black oak furniture.

Arising, as it were, out of a sea of pine-boughs, holly, and evergreens was a pair of steps, upon which, clad in a soft creamy silk evening gown, stood Myrene, her slim white figure in strong relief against the dark, rich paneling of the walls.

She was hanging a design of somber foliage and scarlet berries over the frame of a soldierly-looking ancester, and the young man felt almost afraid to speak, lest he should spoil the charming unpremeditated picture. As the girl turned to take a hammer from the hand of a pretty dark-eyed young woman, clad in a neat black dress and snowy apron—Denis guessed her to be the "Ada" of whom Barry had spoken—she caught sight of the intruder and smiled encouragingly upon him. The young man immediately crossed over to the foot of the ladder and humbly asked if he might be allowed to assist.

"Do you think you feel equal to it?" she asked mischievously.

"Quite! I cannot honestly play the invalid any longer; in fact I am simply dying to make myself useful," was the hasty reply.

The girl gave him an amused look.

"Very well, then, I will take you at your word. Please hand me up that holly garland, and mind you do not prick your fingers," she said promptly.

The two were soon upon the best of terms. Myrene's bright spirits and gay laughter were infectious, and quickly lifted the gloom which had enshrouded Denis all day, and made him forget for the time being what a flagrant impostor he really was.

The time passed all too quickly to the young people, and, as so much chatter intersected their work it was not surprising that the dinner gong sounded before the decorations were completed.

After snatching a hasty meal they returned to their labors with renewed zeal, and when at last everything was completed Myrene declared that she had never seen the old hall so picturesquely adorned before.

"It is all owing to your good taste, Cousin Michael; this is not the first time you have decorated. I can see," remarked Myrene, with a smile.

"Oh, no, we always fixed up the old castle with greenery every Christmas!" began Denis readily. Then he suddenly stopped, becoming very red and confused.

"A castle! Did you live in a castle in Australia?" asked the girl in a tone of surprise.

"Oh, well, it wasn't exactly a castle—only we—that is—I always called it so, don't you know!" was the young man's somewhat ambiguous reply.

"I suppose you are very much attached to your house, and were sorry to leave your native land?" was the next query.

"I think England is a much jollier country," said Denis non-committally.

"That is very nice of you! Especially as I expect you have left your heart behind you. I have always heard that Australian girls were very attractive," observed Myrene demurely.

"I assure you I have done no such thing!" declared Denis with unnecessary warmth. "My heart is still my own property; or at least it was until a few hours ago," he added, his impulsive Irish nature getting the better of his prudence.

"I believe I hear the carol singers!" exclaimed Myrene, turning the subject with charming naivete. "Yes"—listening intently—it is they! We must open the front door and let them come in, for many have tramped a long distance."

The heavy oak portal was therefore flung wide, whereupon the grinning rustics gathered round, and after several false starts gave a fair rendering of "Good King Wenceslaus," followed by several other well-known carols. They soon grew more confident and warmed to their work, the fiddles squeaking merrily and a deep-toned, mysterious instrument giving forth from time to time extraordinary groans—in inopportune places—which sounded less like harmony than a depressed cow. The performers, however, were exceedingly proud of their prowess, and at the close of the repertoire they were obviously husky and broken-winded and they eagerly accepted the "young mistress'" invitation to go round to the servants' hall and refresh themselves.

"What a glorious night!" exclaimed Myrene when she and Denis were alone. "Shall we go out on the terrace for a few moments, or will it be too cold for you?"

"Not at all. I should like it above all things!" said her companion eagerly. The girl hurriedly disappeared into an anteroom, and quickly returned, carrying a large fur cloak for herself and an overcoat for her so-called cousin.

The young couple strolled along the stone-balustraded terrace, discussing the beauty of the night, for although the air was keen and frosty, myriads of stars shone brightly, and the surrounding hills stood out very clearly against the background of sky.

"What a romantic-looking old tower that is!" said Denis presently as he pointed toward the wooded promontory on the left, which he had noticed the previous day. "What use do you make of it? Is it a summer-house?"

"Oh, no, it is nearly a ruin! Besides, I don't think any one would care to sit there. It is supposed to be haunted," explained Myrene gravely.

"Haunted? How exciting! I am rather keen on ghosts! We have a banshee at home—a regular terror! No Irish—I mean, please tell me about the tower and why it is haunted," concluded the young man quickly, uncomfortably conscious of having nearly betrayed himself for the second time within the last few hours.

"I will tell you the legend of Desolation Point, as that knoll is called, if you like. I know it by heart, for I found the account in an old book relating to our family history," said the girl readily.

"I should like to hear the story very much," remarked Denis promptly, and thinking how beautiful his companion looked in her white cloak, with a light blue scarf thrown carelessly over her head.

"Well, you must know, then, that in the reign of Charles the First, a certain Jennifred St. Quentin, the beautiful and only daughter and heiress of the family, was betrothed to a Lord Aubrey, a favorite courtier of the King," began Myrene in her clear, musical voice. "On the morning of the wedding day news came to the unhappy girl that her lover had proved faithless and had married another. Unable to bear the sting, the proud-minded maiden left her home, and with the morning's dawn her lifeless

"Its face was the face of a skeleton."

body was found at the foot of the cliffs just below Desolation Point, from which she had flung herself. The broken-hearted father sought the King, but, justice and satisfaction being denied him, he threw himself into the rebellion on the people's side, and at length met the murderer of his daughter in a charge of Royalist cavalry at the battle of Lansdown. The recognition was immediate and mutual, and the conflict short and decisive; for, throwing his whole strength into one mighty and vengeful blow, Sir Eustace St. Quentin broke through Lord Aubrey's guard and split his skull.

"Twelve months later the Royalist troops descended on the abbey, but in the darkness of the stormy night St. Quentin escaped capture by putting out to sea in a small boat. The skiff was never again heard of, but the dead bodies of her crew were washed ashore down in the bay yonder. The spirits of Jennifred and her father are still supposed to haunt the Point, and I am certain that none of the servants or villagers would venture there after dark for untold gold," concluded the girl earnestly.

"But has any one actually seen the ghosts?" asked Denis curiously, who, like most of his countrymen, was superstitious.

"Oh, yes, several people! Jan Pedder saw Jennifred one night, and it gave him such a fright that he actually fled into the gamekeeper's cottage in his alarm."

"Who is Jan Pedder?"

"I am afraid he is a poacher. The Pedders are an incorrigible family—a blot upon our peaceful little village," explained Myrene.

"What did the redoubtable Jan think he saw?"

"Oh, the usual thing—a tall, shadowy figure dressed in white, with dreadful eyes and hands like claws! He declares that he chased the apparition for some distance, when it suddenly turned and 'made mouths' at him!" concluded Myrene, smiling.

"What did he mean?"

"I cannot imagine. I expect that possibly the whole affair was the result of too much cider."

"It is more than likely," agreed Denis. "Ah, what was that?" he suddenly ejaculated as a slight rustling behind an adjacent holly bush caused them both to start.

"A rabbit most likely. We have been discussing ghosts so long that we have become quite nervous," said Myrene, with a little shudder.

"I am almost certain that I saw something white flash past just now!" declared Denis, still gazing intently in the direction of the bush.

"My white cat doubtless. Come, Cousin Michael, we had better be returning indoors, as Aunt Lucinda will be wondering what has happened to us." And the girl began walking quickly toward the house.

When Denis subsequently retired to his own room he found Barry, who appeared rather unsteady on his legs, making up the fire and shoveling on coal in a reckless manner.

Barry turned a beaming face—a face that positively shone with contentment and good cheer—to his master as he entered and remarked genially:

"I say, sorr, this is a proper way of kaping Christmas, I'm thinkin'. Sure, I've drunk as much punch as I can conveniently hold; I've ate six mince pies for luck, and by the same token, kissed all the pretty colleens under the mistletoe!"

O'Hara flung himself wearily into a chair.

"Don't Barry! How can you have the heart to jest when I am so wretched?" he said reprovingly.

"Wretched, is it? Well, yer honor, begging yer pardon, I didn't think ye looked so bowed down. 'I throuble—when ye was handing up the holly to the swate Myrene," suggested Barry slyly.

"No, that is the worst of it! I was too happy! I forgot for the time being what a contemptible cur I really am. Oh, Barry, she is so good and pure, so unsuspecting of any deception! Let us depart before she learns the truth—before I am degraded in her eyes!" cried the young man bitterly. "Yes, I will go this very night."

After this unexpected outburst Barry's face was a study.

"What! Leave before the servants' ball!" he gasped incredulously. Then, seeing the determined look on the other's face, he continued persuasively, "Whist now, Masther Denis, it wad give ye yer death o' cold to turn out a freezing noight like this! Christmas eve too, wid all the pixies and hobgoblins projecting about! Besides, we've gone too far now to draw back—the pair of us. From what I've heard below the stairs it wad break the ould lady's heart if she knew you weren't her nephew after all."

"She will have to know eventually," argued Denis in a less decided tone.

"Not until the real nephew arrives, and then, ye see, she won't mind; so long as she gits one of ye, it will be all right," was Barry's unflattering assurance.

"Well, well, have it your own way then! I am too tired to argue further," said Denis wearily. "We may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, and it would certainly be less painful to be put in jail for fraud than die of starvation in the streets."

"Shure an' we're not going to do ayther," retorted Barry cheerfully as he helped his master to undress. "Do ye know, sir, I've had a presentiment that the real nephew will niver come home, and that ye will marry Miss Myrene and live happy——"

"That will do, Barry," said his master, sharply.

"Nothing more ye want, sir?" questioned Barry respectfully as he moved toward the door.

"Nothing more, thanks! They have given you a decent shakedown, I hope?" asked Denis anxiously, as an after thought.

"Fit for a dook, sir," was the emphatic reply. "It's on this corrydore too, quite contagious-like."

"I am glad of that. Good night, Barry!" said his master sleepily.

"Good night, sir, an' pleasant dreams to yer honor of—er—angels, wid spun-gold hair and white furry cloaks!" said Barry, after which venturesome remark he fled precipitately.

"Confound your impudence!" roared Denis, but he smiled to himself as if such dreams would be by no means disagreeable or unwelcome.

## CHAPTER IV.

Denis soon fell into a peaceful slumber, from which, in a few hours later he was roughly awakened by some one shaking his arm violently.

To his astonishment he saw Barry standing by the bedside, a candle in his hand and a look of indescribable horror on his face.

"What is it?" gasped O'Hara, sitting up. "For Heaven's sake tell me what has happened!"

"The banshee! Oh, the blessed saints preserve me! I'm a dead man intirely for I've seen a spirit this night!" Barry muttered thickly, his terror making it difficult for him to find words.

"A spirit? Nonsense!" exclaimed Denis, jumping out of bed. "Here, take some of this brandy and tell me what you mean," he added, crossing to the table, where, reposing on a tray of good things thoughtfully supplied by Miss St. Quentin, was a flask of cognac.

Barry gulped down a generous portion of the stimulant, which apparently fortified him, for he continued more calmly: "It's the truth I'm spaking, sir. Shure ye know me too well to think I'd be after lying to ye!" he said plaintively and with unnecessary emphasis on the personal pronoun.

"Yes, yes—get on with your story!" abjured Denis impatiently.

"Well, as I told ye, I've got a splendacious sort of a room at the end of this corrydore, all fitted up wid ivery canvanyance, and more suitable for the gentry than the likes of me—but thin the ould lady knew I wanted to be near, in case ye called me. Well, yer honor, after I left ye I carefully investigated the entire room and satisfied meself that there was no living crathure in it but meself, and I left the door ajar so as to hear ye in case ye called. I got into bed wid the conviction that I should sleep soundly till six the next morning. Suddenly I was awakened, and on raising me head to listen I heard a sound like the light tread of a woman's footstep. I just lay still for a moment, thinking perhaps some one might have made a mistake in the room, whin to me horror I saw a tall figure dressed in a white shroud-like garment standing at the foot of me bed. I thought I would have died of fright, thin and there, for as sure as I'm alive, sir, its face was the face of a skeleton! Two dreadful gleaming eyes gloomed upon me in a fearsome manner——"

"A skeleton with eyes!" interrupted Denis incredulously.

"Yes, yer honor, they was like carriage lamps!" asserted Barry solemnly. "Thin, as I lay too parrylized to move or spake, the thing began to gibber at me. I don't mean to say it spoke, but it moved its mouth up and down in a terrifying sort of fashion."

Denis started. The story of the apparition which had "made mouths" at Jan Pedder suddenly flashed through his mind.

"Why, you silly fellow, I expect your spirit was nothing more nor less than a nightmare! And I don't wonder after eating six mince pies. The fact is, you have been listening to foolish ghost stories in the servants' hall, and they made such an impression on your brain that you subsequently dreamed about them."

"I niver heard the word 'ghost' mentioned the whole evening, sir. Besides, is was no nightmare; I was awake all the time," declared Barry, gravely.

Then, after a moment's pause, he continued, "Well, sir, as I was saying, I lay there quite powerless to move, feeling under a spell, as it were. At the same time I felt that I must look at the dreadful thing, though Heaven knows I'd

have given worlds to have shut my eyes. It seemed hours that I lay there, but it could really only have been a few moments; then, as suddenly as it came, the crathure turned and glided quietly out of the room."

"How could you see it in the dark?" demanded Denis curiously.

For a moment Barry looked puzzled. "Why, yer honor, it emitted a kind o' radiance of its own—a sort of luminous light!" he explained triumphantly.

"I see. Well, what did you do next?"

"After it had gone the spell seemed broken, and I jumped out o' bed and rushed into the corrydore, down which I saw the spirit disappearing. It headed down the passage toward a dead wall, and I was thinking I would catch it proper, as there was no door nor winder by which it could escape, when what do ye think? Just as I was going to grab hold of its white shroud it vanished right through the wall!"

"There must have been some secret door in the paneling," suggested Denis. "No person could have gone through the wall."

"It wasn't a person! It was a spirit, as true as I'm standing here and talking to ye," insisted Barry indignantly.

"Well, well, we will investigate the place tomorrow. You may rest assured though, that it was only one of the servants playing a trick upon you. However, as I don't suppose you'd sleep comfortably again in your own room, you had better have a shakedown on that couch yonder," said Denis.

Barry accepted the offer with alacrity, and after a little more conversation Denis, at all events, fell asleep, and did not awake until the cold air of dawn crept into the room. The two young men dressed quickly and then made their way softly along the corridor toward the place where Barry had seen the supposed spirit disappear. As it was early there was no one about—at least, not in that part of the house, for the servants' quarters were in a different wing—so that it was unlikely they would be disturbed in the investigation they had decided to make.

Denis found that, although the corridor was very wide just outside his room, it trailed off into quite a narrow passage at one end, and it was down this passage Barry led him until they reached the wall through which the latter insisted that the apparition had vanished.

This was paneled in dark oak, and Denis examined it intently, pressing his hand all along the surface in the hood to feel if there was a secret spring or door which led into another apartment.

His persistency was rewarded, for his fingers presently closed upon a wooden knob, which, upon pressing, revealed, as he had surmised, a small opening.

Through this aperture the two young men crept and found themselves on the top of a short, narrow flight of steps, terminating in a heavy oaken portal.

Descending cautiously, they found the door unlocked, and upon opening it, they felt, to their surprise, the cold winter air blowing in their faces. Instead of reaching another apartment, as might have been expected, the door abutted immediately on to the ground.

In the dim morning light Denis could see that the promontory called Desolation Point lay straight ahead, and he wondered if there were any connection between the apparition which haunted the tower and the one Barry had encountered.

The weather had changed considerably during the night. The sky was now heavy with sullen clouds, and a slight sprinkling of snow had turned the surrounding mountainous scenery into a veritable Swiss landscape.

"If your ghost came this way we ought to see some of its footsteps—that is, unless the snow fell after it had left the house," said Denis as he peered about. "Hello! Here are some," he added excitedly. "But what are they? No, surely it cannot be!" he murmured incredulously beneath his breath. Barry, who had been staring at the impressions with a ghastly face and big, dilated eyes, suddenly cast himself on his knees and crossed himself devoutly.

"Och, the blessed saints preserve us! Shure an' its a judgment upon us for telling lies an' coming here under false pretenses!" he cried distractedly.

The sight that had met the young men's gaze was surely enough to unnerve the stoutest heart. The footprints so plainly marked in the snow had been unmistakably left by the bony feet of a skeleton.

Denis made Barry promise solemnly not to mention a word of what they had seen to any of the servants. He felt that he must not allow any disquieting rumors to reach the ears of sweet Myrene.

That some deeply laid scheme of villainy was on foot he made no doubt, and he argued with himself that perhaps after all it was not mere chance alone that had sent Barry and himself to the Abbey, but that fate had ordained that they should be the means of saving their kind hostesses from robbery or even murder.

When a little later Denis descended to the breakfastroom he found Miss St. Quentin and Myrene were already there. After exchanging seasonable greetings the young man was surprised to notice that an envelope addressed to himself, in what he presumed to be Miss Lucinda's neat, old-fashioned handwriting, lay upon his plate. Imagining it to be a Christmas card, he opened it smiling, when, to his astonishment, out fell a bundle of banknotes to the value of fifty pounds.

A deep-red flush mounted to his temples, and for a moment he sat with lowered eyes, mechanically turning them over with trembling fingers. Then, conscious that his hostess would evidently expect him to make some suitable acknowledgement of her gift, he began desperately:

"Miss St. Quentin—I mean Aunt Lucinda—I have no right—that is—I cannot accept so munificent a present. Please do not think me ungrateful, but I would rather that you took it back," he stammered in great confusion.

"Indeed, I shall do no such thing!" declared the old lady decidedly. "Having lost your clothes in that dreadful shipwreck, you will want all that and more to replace your wardrobe alone. You have probably written to your business man in Australia for further supplies, but you cannot possibly hear for some months, so you must allow me to be your banker in the meantime," she added, with a kindly smile.

"I cannot trespass upon your kindness in this manner," protested poor Denis. "I thank you, Miss St. Quentin, but really I am unable to accept your gift."

"If I cannot give myself the pleasure of making my own dear sister's son a little Christmas present, I should like to know upon whom I may spend my money!" retorted the old lady, with an offended air. "Besides, you surely do not intend to live in that old suit of Tom's until you hear from Australia? No, indeed! You must go up to Burnham a day's shopping after the holidays are over, and order some clothes for yourself and your servant."

"I will gratefully accept the money as a loan, then," said Denis, to avoid further discussion.

At this crisis Myrene, who had been absorbed in her large pile of cards and correspondence, suddenly gave an exclamation of surprise.

"What a curious thing!" she cried, glancing with amusement at a letter she held in her hand.

"What is curious?" inquired Denis with a smile.

"Why, I have just had a letter from you, Cousin Michael!" replied the girl as she perused the sheets of flimsy paper.

"A letter—from me?" Denis said blandly.

"Yes, one which must have been delayed in transit, as it was posted before you left Australia. You forgot to date it, but it tells us to expect you about Christmas or New Year's."

"Oh, that one!" murmured the young man lamely.

"Do you know, your letters aren't a bit like you," remarked Myrene thoughtfully.

"How do you mean? In what way?" faltered Denis.

"Why, from the manner in which you always wrote I imagined you to be quite a different kind of a man."

"So you are disappointed?" suggested O'Hara tentatively.

"On the contrary, I fancied that you would be rather a dictatorial sort of person. You wrote—forgive me—as if you were accustomed to having your own way in everything, and I was afraid you would want to turn the Abbey upside down, alter our arrangements, and make us miserable," explained the girl, a blush.

"Surely I have not given you that idea?" said Denis in a distressed tone.

"No! Oh, no, that is the odd part of it! You are far too humble, if anything, and considering that this place is practically yours, you might be expected to give a few orders now and then."

"I wouldn't take such a liberty," said Denis in a shocked voice.

"There, I believe you could," said Myrene, with a laugh; "but tell me, why did you not come by the Orient, as you first decided? In fact you say here that your passage had been taken."

"Oh—I—I found I could not complete my busines in Melbourne in time! It took longer than I had anticipated," replied Denis in some confusion.

"That was unfortunate, I never believe in postponing events—there is always something unlucky about it. However, all's well that ends well; we have you now safe and sound, and are not going to allow you to depart in too great a hurry," remarked the girl, smiling at him in a friendly manner from behind the big silver teapot.

The advent of Michael Desmond's letter, which fortunately was not dated, caused Denis no little uneasiness.

The danger of exposure grew daily. Nay, hourly, imminent, for the Orient might arrive at any moment.

The wisest and safest thing to do, he mused, would be to quit the house quietly that very day; but then Denis did not feel wise when he was in sweet Myrene's presence—only supremely and unreasonably happy—and the thought that when he was forced to leave her it would probably be forever filled him with anguish.

Christmas day passed very peacefully. Denis accompanied the ladies to church in the morning, and was conscious of creating a tremendous sensation. He felt that the eyes of the whole village were upon him as he stood up between Myrene and her aunt in the holly-decked old edifice. He could see the farmers' daughters nudging each other, and even staid matrons craning their necks to get a good view of Miss St. Quentin's heir, who had returned in so romantic a manner from "foreign parts."

The afternoon he spent in sitting cozily beside the fire, talking to Myrene and her aunt, although the latter dozed the greater part of the time, so leaving most of the conversation to the young people; and in the enjoyment of a quiet dinner consisting of the usual seasonable dainties, the evening of one of the happiest Christmas days the young man had ever experienced passed on toward its close.

When bedtime approached Barry showed such unmistakable signs of nervousness at the thought of retiring to his isolated room, and perhaps again encountering the dreadful apparition of the previous night, that Denis good-naturedly permitted him to sleep on the couch as before; but although both the young men sat up late, listening attentively for the slightest sound, no ghostly visitant disturbed their peace.

This story, developing very thrilling happenings, will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming year.

## "Tickets, Please."

To see Japan thoroughly, to master its problems, to probe its soul, to pluck the whole heart of its mystery, would probably need—so a fellow "globe-trotter" assured Mr. A. M. Thompson—"all of a fortnight." So entire thoroughness is not claimed by the author of "Japan for a Week." Still, Mr. Thompson was there long enough to get a vivid impression of Japanese courtesy—how the "please," so frequently entirely omitted from stern demand in the Occident, is emphasized into an art.

The guard, in the train going to Tokio, who affords us much information by the way, is exceedingly interested in us. He stands by my side on the platform, and laughingly points out that the top of his head—he is of more than average size for a Japanese—barely reaches my shoulders.

"Me big," he says in his quaint English, "but you more much big."

He is, like all the Japanese we met, amazingly polite.

When he comes round to examine tickets, he begins by standing at the end of the car, takes off his cap to the honorable assembly, bows to the ground, rubs his knees with his hands, draws in his breath audibly, and delivers himself of an announcement in Japanese which I imaginatively translate as follows:

"Your most honorable excellences and most augustly-deigning-to-be-pleased ones, I hope you will pardon this creature of mud for having been born into this world to ask you, most gracious superior ones, to show your augustly blessed tickets; after which I beg you will honorably deign to grind and crush me, who am but as a snail of the soil, beneath your kindly sandals."

The passengers, ceasing for a moment from their rice and chop-sticks, bow profoundly in return, rub their knees with their hands, suck in their breaths with the peculiar whistling sound which is the special expression of a Japanese greeting, fumble among their loose layers of clothes, and ultimately produce their honorable tickets.

Ethel—She says she's going to travel hundreds of miles on her honeymoon.

Gladys—That's easy for her; her fiance runs a merry-go-round.

A lovely scarf was made from two and a half extra yards of a dull rose fish net. It was lined and hemmed on the right side with black chiffon with the edges of the hem outlined in a narrow gold braid in open work design.

## Animals as Sailors.

It is said that of all wild animals the only one that enjoys a trip on the water is the polar bear. According to a French authority, who has given careful study to the subject of the behavior of animals while at sea, the polar bear is quite jolly on board ship, while most other animals violently resent such a voyage and in many cases give vociferous expression of their dislike until seasickness brings silence.

The tiger suffers most of all. He whines pitifully, his eyes water continually and he rubs his stomach with his big paws. Horses, too, are bad sailors and often die on a sea voyage.

Oxen make heroic attempts not to give way to sickness. Elephants are not at all fond of a sea trip, but are most amenable to medical treatment when seasick.

Hi Hines—I see the Hawkenses are gettin' a purty preetentious library.

Zeb Wilks—Yep. One hundred and fourteen mail order catalogues, forty-four on farm implements and 235 railway folders is enough t' make any man's home complete.

## Most Ancient of Arts.

The housekeepers of America today make 70 per cent of all the bread, yet the remaining 30 per cent made by the bakers involves a capitalization of over $270,000,000. Anything, then, that we can discover of the present day status of the art of breadmaking is of importance and of interest. Prof. R. K. Duncan says in Harper's Magazine. The first known making of bread refers back to the prehistoric lake dwellings of Europe, where there have been discovered the grains of barley, oats, rye and wheat, together with the charred remains of cakes of bread and the rude stone grain crushers and mealing stones. It is true that these pellets of wheat and barley are but humble representatives of the highly bred grains that now glorify the farmer's field, and it is true, too, that the loaves were for the most part but of crushed grains, not true meal, and obviously made by being laid on the hot stones and covered over by glowing ashes, just, in fact, as the muleteers of Syria today make their unleavened cakes; but it was bread.

Since in Eastern countries a mixture of meal and water will begin to ferment in the course of a day, the value of leavened bread must inevitably have been discovered prior to civilization. We all remember the story of the flight of the Israelites out of Egypt, how "the people took their dough before it was leavened, their kneading troughs being bound up in their clothes upon their shoulders" (Exodus 12:34); leavened bread—i. e., bread as we know it—must at that time have been universal. Early, too, must have been the specialization of the art of baking; first, doubtless, in the largest households, as witness the interesting story of that most unfortunate chief baker in Genesis 40; and afterward as the reader may readily find, into a definitely segregated trade, as in Hosea 7.

There have always been bakers, but, on the other hand, from the beginning of human time bread has always been baked in the home, particularly and definitely as the vocational duty of women. There thus appears this most curious and interesting of facts, that contemporaneous with the history of man from the earliest to the latest times there has been an unremitting conflict between home made bread and the baker's loaf.

## How to Acquire Popularity.

To acquire popularity girls should be natural. People are quick to discern affectation of any kind, and have a contempt for it; so give up affectation.

Be neat; there is a great charm in neatness.

Be affectionate and sympathetic, and don't be self-conscious and ashamed to show either quality.

Be home-loving and kind to all old people and children. These are womanly qualities, and all persons admire the womanly girl.

Don't have "moods" avoid the blues. People like to know how to find a girl, not to have to renew her acquaintance every time they meet.

# DAZZLING SCHEMES;

## *Or, Love and Revolutions*

### By WILL LISENBEE

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CHAPTER XIII.

AN APPARITION!

AT EIGHT o'clock Sandy had not returned. At half-past eight Bobby left his office and went to his bungalow where, at a quarter-past nine a cab called for him. He entered the vehicle and was driven up the north road in the direction of Dragon Castle. Using the same precaution employed on his former visit to the place, he stopped the cab some distance from the castle, where he got out, and after instructing the driver to wait for him, proceeded on his way on foot.

The sky was partly overcast with clouds and the night was dark, but Bobby was alert for any sign of a spy that might be lurking in the vicinity. The last cablegram from his father gave him food for much serious thought. So the Countess of Zara was know in New York, and she bore the reputation of being an adventuress—a "dangerous adventuress" the message had said! Bobby winced a little at the thought, and he shut his teeth with a snap. He could not believe it—he would not believe it. He flung out his hand with an impatient gesture as he strode on.

And whether or not she was what his father's message had charged, Bobby was on his way to do her bidding. He wondered what his father would have said could he have known the truth. What if she should prove to be a dangerous adventuress? Might not he be on the verge of an abyss of trouble? He shook himself as if to free his mind from the harassing thought.

He paused a moment at the broken gate to glance about him and listen. No one was to be seen, and the dark walls of the castle rose out of the darkness as gloomy and silent as the grave. A night bird sent forth its discordant cluck from the depths of the thicket that skirted the wall that inclosed the grounds, and fireflies, like shining bubbles on a darkened stream, danced amid the gloom.

Bobby advanced across the grounds along the great path to the door of the castle, and as he approached, the dark figure of a man came into view. He must have recognized Bobby, even in the uncertain light that came from the moon that had just risen, for he threw open the door, and calling him by name bade him enter. Bobby entered, and was conducted to the room above, where he had met the countess the night before.

"I beg that the senor will remain here for an hour, as I may have a message for him," said Bobby's conductor in broken English. With this he made a low bow and withdrew.

The room was lighted by a couple of candles set in an ancient candelabrum, and there still lingered in the air the faint odor of a sweet subtle perfume. Bobby crossed the room and entered the alcove. Through the parted curtains of the window the pale beams of the moon fell in little pools of shimmering silver, but in the little nooks and corners the black shadows lay.

Bobby, following the directions given in the message sent by the countess, put his hand beneath the rug and drew forth a small slim package which he placed in his pocket. Then he seated himself in an easy chair and looked at his watch. It was five minutes past ten. He had still nearly an hour to wait. At the end of that time he was to receive another message, according to Perrigo's statement.

He lit a cigarette and leaned back in the easy chair and reflected. He was not entirely at his ease. He could not fully decide that he had acted with the best judgment. The whole affair might be a skilfully laid trap for him. The sealed package in his pocket might be a part of a scheme to involve him in trouble with the government. He knew that the men who acted as spies were not always trustworthy; that they would often manufacture evidence in order to convict a suspect, and feel justified in so doing. The letter which was supposed to have come from the Countess of Zara might be a forgery! The thought was startling. The fact that he had been asked to wait there for an hour was in itself something to rouse suspicion.

Although these thoughts set Bobby's mind in a whirl of perplexity, he had no thought of turning back. He would see the affair to the end, no matter what might be the result. It piqued him to think that he might have been selected as a victim of the government spies, and it roused in him a dogged determination to see the thing through.

Bobby Henning was not of a romantic turn of mind, nor was he easily impressed by the bizarre or what might seem strange to others. Yet as he sat there in the dusky corner of the alcove something happened to rivet his attention. At first he could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses. What he saw was something decidedly weird and startling. Across the alcove, against the dark portieres, there suddenly appeared the misty outlines of a human form. At first he thought that his power or vision had played him false, or that the luminous object had been wrought by his fancy out of the shimmering rays of the moon that mingled with the shadows on the curtain. But even as he was struggling with this thought, the apparition—if it might be called such—suddenly assumed a more vivid luminosity, resolving itself into the clearly outlined form of a woman—

"You shall promise me."

beautiful beyond anything he had ever seen. He leaned quickly forward, staring, fascinated, amazed. The figure might have stepped from a Greek chapel, so perfect was it in form and loveliness, and the radiant face, smiling, bewitching, was that of the Countess of Zara!

Silent, stupefied, Bobby Henning stared at it as if bewitched. The place and the hour, the mystery, the romance that hung over the place—all conspired to fill his mind with a thousand fancies. It was the same face he had seen in the dusky Roman twilight two years before, in the shadow of the church of Trinitl del Monte—a face that had haunted him ever since. He made no effort to account for the inexplicable appearance of the strange vision, but continued to gaze at it—to feast his eyes upon it. Suddenly a half-uttered exclamation came from his lips, and he rubbed his eyes to make sure that he had seen clearly. For there was nothing visible but a thin ray of moonlight glinting upon the dark folds of the portieres. The strange apparition had vanished or dissolved into thin air as a wisp of smoke might dissolve in a breath of wind.

Bobby Henning drew a long breath and gazed about him in perplexed wonderment. What was it he had seen? Or had he really seen anything? His senses were in a dizzy whirl. He rose quickly and parted the portieres. No one was there. He turned to the window opening from the alcove and threw it up and looked onto the little balcony that clung there like the nest of a swallow. No living soul was to be seen. He stood with his hand resting on the casement, looking out into the night.

The clouds had obscured the moon, but patches of light lay over the wide grounds and broken walls, touching the feathery palms with a frost-like, silvery sheen. Far to the south, across the ramparts of the palms, twinkled the lights of San Vincente, and beyond the gray sheen of the bay. He closed the window and stepped back into the alcove. He dropped into an easy chair and tried to think coherently. He was not in the least superstitious, but the sudden appearance and the mysterious disappearance of the apparition had upset him in a manner. Try as he would, he could not account for it. While he was occupying his mind with this problem, he heard a soft step in the outer room. He rose to his feet, and at the same moment the portieres were parted and a face appeared in the opening—the face of the Countess of Zara!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MADNESS OF HENNING.

Bobby Henning was amazed, but a swift wave of pleasure swept over him as he saw the face between the portieres. Had the misty vision that had visited him a few moment before materialized? The countess parted the curtains and came in, a radiant smile on her face.

"It was so good of you to come," she said. "I almost feared that I had asked too much of you."

Bobby took the extended hand with a thrill of pleasure.

"I hope you will never think so again," he said. "It was more than a pleasure to come."

She stood looking at him, the pale beams of the moon that came through the window failing upon her face.

"I should never forgive myself," she said, "if I should be the cause of getting you into trouble."

As Bobby looked into her eyes, saw the sad, witching face turned to him, a subtle intoxication pulsed through his being.

"As if I should care for that," he murmured half to himself. "I cannot think


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of anything that would have prevented my coming."

He was still holding her hand, and he felt it tremble in his.

"Oh, but you must not talk like that!" she said. "How—how can you?"

He was like one under a spell. The moonbeams fell upon her hair and turned it into shimmering gold.

"For two weeks," he said, "I searched for you through every nook and corner of Rome."

She uttered a little cry and trembled violently. A swift color surged to the roots of her hair.

"And—and you remember?" she said, scarcely above a whisper.

"Remember?" he said. "My God! As if I could ever forget!"

The passionate flame of the tropics was in his veins, and through his being the red blood surged as if swept by a tempest.

"And at last I have found you," he murmured. Her hand still lay in his, and with an ungovernable impulse he drew her to him. For a moment she yielded unresistingly to the power of his tempestuous will. With mad impetuosity he kissed her upon the cheeks and eyes and lips, forgetting everything else for the moment, and only conscious of the sweet intoxication that filled his being.

She struggled from his embrace and stood before him, her breath coming in short gasps, her eyes shining, her face aflame with color.

"Oh, you—you are mad!" she panted.

"Yes," he said, "I have been mad for two years—ever since that evening in Rome."

She drew back a little and stood leaning against the wall.

"Yes, you are quite mad," she breathed, her voice shaking.

"Why shouldn't I be?" he asked, his voice vibrating with emotion. "All my life I have been conservative and commonplace and sane, and until I saw you I never knew the joys of being mad. Why should I ever be sane again?"

"Oh, how can you talk like that?" she asked with a shiver. "You—you almost make me afraid."

"Of what?" he asked. "Surely not of me. Listen; no matter what you may say, no matter where you may go or what you may do, the time will come when——" He paused and came a little nearer.

"What?" she asked breathlessly.

"When you shall marry me," he finished.

"Oh, now you are mad indeed!" she faltered. She put out her hands as if to stop him. "Don't, please don't!" she implored.

"If I could have found you, I should have told you in Rome," he went on.

She looked at him curiously.

"And you searched for me?" she said.

"As I never searched before or since," he answered.

"And forgot that you had my card?" A shadow of a smile played over her face.

He drew a card from his pocket and laid it in her hand.

"I have carried it with me ever since that day," he said.

She glanced at it, turned it over and over and uttered a little gasp of amazement.

"And—and this is what I gave you?" she faltered.

"If you only knew how much I puzzled over it," he said, "wondering if you really could have given it to me intentionally—but hoping it might have been a mistake."

"It was—oh it was!" she said. "I wanted so much to thank you for saving my life, and you never gave me the chance."

"But what can it matter," he said, "that I drew a blank in Rome, if I am more fortunate now? It seems to me that I have loved you always, and I know that you will love me—you must——"

"Don't—don't!" she pleaded. "You don't know what you are saying!"

"And in the end," he went on, "you must—you shall marry me."

Her face was pale now, as pale as the moonbeams, and there was a look of pain on her countenance.

"Hush!" she cried. "I shall not let you go on in this strain. What you say is impossible. I must talk of other matters. At this very moment the government spies may be dogging my footsteps. You forget that I am a fugitive from the government police—that they may be here at any moment and place me in prison."

"They shall not!" cried Bobby. "If they molest you I will go to President Aguerra myself. He is my friend, and he shall stop this persecution——"

She stopped him with a gesture.

"You shall not be drawn into trouble over me," she declared. "It was cruelly selfish in me to ask you to come here tonight. But I remembered your bravery—your kindness to me and mine—and I needed a friend. I had left a package in the alcove which I feared might be discovered and I wanted it to be in safe keeping. That is why I asked you to come. I did not, at the time of sending you the note, believe that I could safely return to the castle, but later I found out that I could. This I learned from one of the government spies who has been my friend. But since I came I fear that I may be betrayed. You found the package?"

"Yes."

"Then it is my wish that you keep it till called for. It will be safer in your possession than in mine."

"It shall be as you wish."

"A thousand thanks," she said. She stepped into the outer room and touched a bell. A servant appeared bringing some fruit, sandwiches and wine.

"Let us eat, drink and be merry," she said a little gayly, "for tomorrow we may be in prison!"

They sat by the little mahogany table and ate and drank, and—was it love that made them forget everything else but each other? What else in all the wide world of ours can still the tempest of fear and muffle the steps of danger?

And outside the night grew suddenly black. The moaning wind rocked the tops of the palms to and fro. The lightning of the tropics blazed forth across the blackness of the sky, and the awful thunder crashed and shook the castle to its foundations.

Then the rain came in great sheets, blotting out the world in its tempestuous shroud.

And sitting by the little table, high up in the castle, with a fair face bending toward him, Bobby Henning forgot everything else and surrendered himself to the madness that was upon him—the ungovernable madness of man's first love!

And three thousand miles away, in his apartments at the St. Regis, in New York, Mortimer Wilson Henning was writing this letter:

"My Dear Son:—I am disturbed more than I can express that you should have allowed yourself to be drawn into the net of political intrigue in a country in which we had planned to establish a great business—a business that makes it necessary that we should maintain cordial and friendly relations with the government. Your answer to my message does not satisfy me entirely. The Countess of Zara has a record in New York among the officials at the custom house as one of the most daring, shrewd smugglers with which they have to contend. It is deeply humiliating that my son's name and that of such a woman should be found in the glaring headlines of the papers this morning. For Heaven's sake! cut yourself loose from such entanglement immediately, or it will be necessary to call you home.

"Your distressed Father,

"M. W. HENNING."

## CHAPTER XV.

### WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

And while the storm raged without, while the lightning blazed and the thunder shook the castle to its foundation, Bobby Henning looked into the wonderful gray eyes that were turned to him from across the table, and the madness of love, of the night and the storm surged through his veins. Could he have read the dreadful words of condemnation of the woman before him that were being penned by his father, it would have made no difference to him. He reveled in the fierce joy that love had brought, and at that moment all else in the world seemed trivial and unworthy of thought.

"And I have wondered if I should ever meet you again," he was saying, "and when I had given up all hope—just when it seemed the least possible that I should meet you, we are brought face to face in a foreign land! Could it have been merely a freak of chance? I cannot,—I will not believe it."

Her eyes brightened, the color rose in her face for an instant, and then a great look swept over her countenance.

"If it were Fate," she said, and there was a note of distress in her voice, "it was most unkind to us——"

He stopped her with a quick gesture.

"You shall not say that!" he cried. She put up her hand.

"Don't!" she said. "You know nothing about me—nothing of my past—what I am or what I may have been."

He laughed her words to scorn.

"I know enough," he said. "You need not tell me anything. I want to hear nothing. I look into your face, your eyes and they tell me all I want to know—more than any one on earth can tell me."

She leaned a little nearer to him; her lips moved, but she did not speak. A misty light gathered in her eyes and she bent her head and a half-stifled sob broke from her lips.

He took one of her hands between his palms and held it in silence. The flickering light of the candles fell on the pale gold hair and on the ivory whiteness of her neck, and there came to him the faint odor of the sweet, subtle perfume that had haunted him like the memory of a sweet dream ever since that night in Rome. That scene again came before him, the dusky Roman twilight, the uplifted knife, the pale, frightened face, and over and above it all, the memory of that brief moment when he had supported her in his arms came back to him.

She lifted her face to him—a face pale, tear-stained—and the hand he held in his tightened for a moment as she lifted his hand and pressed it to her lips.

"You are so good, so noble," she murmured. "How can I ever thank you for your kindness, your bravery, your faith in me——"

"I care nothing about goodness," he broke in, "or bravery or anything else, if you do not love me. There is nothing else worth while."

She drew her hand away and looked at him in silence.

"You think I am mad," he went on. "It may be that I am. Who can trace the line between sanity and insanity?"

"Ah! Who, indeed?" she said. "It may be that it is I who am mad. I have passed through quite enough to make me so."

The thunder crashed, and for an instant the bluish blaze of the lightning streamed through the alcove window, and at that instant Bobby thought he caught a fleeting glimpse of the strange apparition against the half-drawn portieres—the same figure that had so mystified him a short time before. But the next instant the darkness swallowed it up.

"What was it?" he asked involuntarily.

The countess looked at him with an inquiring glance.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

For a moment he did not speak.

"Perhaps I should not have spoken," he said at length. "It seems so absurd and unreal. It might have been my imagination, and yet I could have sworn I saw——"

He paused again.

She leaned forward breathlessly.

"You saw what?" she asked.

"The moonbeams on the portieres," he said. "Perhaps that was all I saw, but I fancied I saw a luminous figure—of a woman, and the face was that of the Countess of Zara!"

She uttered a little gasp. Her face went white as chalk.

"What a cad I am!" cried Bobby regretfully, "to have frightened you with a silly story——"

She put up her hand to stop him.

"You need not say that," she said in a husky voice. "What you describe has been—seen before!"

Bobby looked his astonishment.

"By Apaucio, the wife of the caretaker," she went on. "More than once, she says, and last night at about nine as she came to the alcove for a book I had left there."

"What can it mean?" Bobby asked. "I can't understand it."

"Do you believe in a devil?" asked the countess in a shaking voice.

"I believe in a number of them," declared Bobby.

"Human devils?"

"Yes—they are the worst sort."

"Some time," she said, "I will tell you of one I knew—a human devil."

"Won't you tell me now?" He leaned toward her expectantly.

She shivered and drew the thin shawl more closely about her shoulders.

"Not now," she said.

She rose.

"I must go," she went on. "The storm has ceased. I have already detained you too long."

"As if any time spent with you could be too long!" he exclaimed. "You will not leave the castle tonight?"

"Perhaps."

"Then I shall accompany you."

"No—no!" she cried. "You must not—you shall not!"

"Then I shall see you again?" She hesitated.

"Why?" she asked.

"And you can ask me that?" he said, reproachfully.

She colored.

"I should rather not," she said. Her voice shook.

"You would rather not? Why?" He came very close to her as he spoke. She avoided his gaze.

"Because it is best," she told him.

"I shall not take such an answer. I shall see you again—you shall promise me that, or I will not leave you."

"I will send Jose to let you out," she said. She held out her hand. "Good-by," she said.

He took her hand and held it.

"Not until you have said that I may see you again," he persisted. "You will promise?"

She hesitated for a moment.

"Yes," she said at length.

"When?"

"I shall let you know."

"I shall count the hours till I hear from you," he responded.

"Good-by," she said, and the next instant she had slipped through the door and was gone.

A few moments later Jose appeared and conducted Bobby to the door, which he unlocked and threw open. The storm had ceased and the moon was shining brightly. As he fully expected, Bobby found no cab waiting for him, for the rain had become frightened at the approaching storm and had driven furiously back to town. A mile farther on, however, he met the cabby returning for him, and entering the vehicle, he was driven to town.

It was past two when he retired, but the gray dawn was breaking before he slept.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### AT EL POZO.

The first thing Sandy McDonald did after hearing Bobby's office was to wire his father a refutation of the sensational newspaper story regarding Bobby Henning and himself. He next went and rounded up the American newspaper correspondents who were in San Vincente—five in number—and gave them a true statement of the facts. After that he took them to the Cafe St. Denis, where he had ordered a sumptuous banquet, and by the time they had worked through that they were ready to back Sandy against the whole republic.

"These geezers look on every one who happens to light on their soil as a filibuster," Sandy explained, "and everybody searches everybody else for revolutionary documents and engines of destruction, as a sort of exchange of discourtesies after being introduced. It's plumb funny the way they store by their dinky little country. I wouldn't give six bits for the whole republic. But you must not forget, boys," he added, "that—as the Oklahoma politicians say—I ain't talking for publication. These simple children of nature in this neck of the world can't sabe the lingo of Uncle Sam, and they can't take a joke. They have only one idea of a real joke, and that is to put an American in prison and keep him there.


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I am not here to furnish them any joke of that sort, so you will oblige me by letting what I have said slip your memory. I have a friend here, most of you doubtless know or have heard of—Mr. Bobby Henning. He is opening an enterprise in Guadalayara by which he hopes not only to make good dividends on the investment, but reform the revolutionists through their stomachs. I don't want to muddy the water for him and spoil his trade and get into a dungeon while a guest at his house. So if you should print anything that I say you can put it that Bobby and myself are dead in love with the country and the people, and that our folks at home will have to chloroform us to get us away, or something like that, but you needn't say that I'd have to be roped and hogtied if they got me back here. Old Oklahoma is good enough for yours truly, and let us drink to that sentiment."

And they did, and they voted Sandy the king of entertainers, and they were charmed by his free and easy manner, his unconventional and breezy way that stamped him as a product of the West.

It was past ten when he breakfasted the next morning. Bobby had already gone to the office, and when he joined him there he found a message from his father. It was economically expressed in four words:—"Keep in the clear."

"And now," said Bobby, "what is on the docket for today?"

"The first thing on the docket," replied Sandy, "is your report on last night's proceedings. You were at the castle?"

"Yes."

"Whom did you see?"

"The Countess of Zara."

"She was there then?"

"Yes."

"And the other—Miss Dangerfield?"

"I did not see her."

"Nor learn where she is?"

"No."

Sandy made an impatient gesture.

"Then your trip was a failure?" he declared.

Bobby's face wore a grave cast.

"I am afraid it was," he confessed, "in a certain way. Sandy the Countess of Zara is a mystery to me. The more I see of her the less I understand her."

"A woman," said Sandy, "is always a mystery to the man that loves her."

Bobby colored.

"You speak from experience?" he asked.

"I do," frankly confessed Sandy.

"Then Miss Dangerfield is a mystery to you?" Bobby asked.

"She is—a profound mystery. But I am going to solve the mystery."

"By marrying her?"

"If she will have me, yes."

Bobby grasped Sandy's hand.

"We both have a mystery to solve," he said, "and let us work together and solve them. The countess has promised to let me see her soon again, and will send me word. From what she said to me I am convinced that she is being victimized by an enemy who has done her a great wrong. I am going to get at the bottom of the whole affair, and I think I have spotted the man I am after."

"Ruric Damonoff?"

"Exactly! He is a mountebank, and adventurer and an all-round rogue, or I miss my guess. My idea is that he has involved the countess in some sort of political intrigue or something of that sort, and that she is in a measure in his power. He was, from what I have just learned from Paul Murray, implicated in a dastardly plot against her, which almost resulted in a tragedy. Paul will soon have further particulars and is going to probe the affair to the bottom. He is well acquainted with a shopkeeper who was gardener at the castle while the Count of Zara and the countess occupied the castle and expects to get the whole story of the trouble between the count and countess which was brought about by Romanoff, a cousin of the count's. Meantime, I must run over to El Pozo on business. I shall have Joaquin take me over in the launch, and I should like you to come over with me. A little run across the bay will do you good."

"Anything would beat hanging about this place," Sandy replied, "and I shall be glad of a chance to get away."

El Pozo is not a large town. It lies at the head of a little bay and its picturesque houses with their red tile roofs, half concealed by the feathery palms, make a pretty picture.

"I am thinking," said Bobby, as they walked through the almost deserted street, of establishing a branch house here, and I want the lay of the land."

"It looks to me," Sandy remarked, "as though the people had all left town."

"They are asleep," replied Bobby. "It is the time of day they take their siestas, and they will swarm out like locusts in the cool of the evening.

They went to a hotel where they had dinner, after which Bobby stopped at an establishment kept by an Englishman by the name of Bayfield whose acquaintance Bobby had made on his arrival at Guadalayara, and at whose suggestion he was planning to establish a branch house in El Pozo. After a talk with the Englishman a cab was called and the three took a drive over the town.

"I am getting ready to do business on a large scale," Bobby explained, "but at present I am only planning what I shall do later on—if the revolution is unsuccessful. Should General Pumar overthrow the government, it will interfere seriously with my plans, and may bring everything to a standstill. What do you think of the situation?" he asked of the Englishman.

Bayfield rubbed his chin reflectively.

"That is a difficult question to decide," he replied. "One can never tell just what will happen in those Southern republics. The whole thing may be a 'bluff,' as you Americans would say. I am of the opinion that there is some one behind Pumar who is urging him on for a purpose."

"What purpose?" asked Bobby.

"I have been putting this and that together," said the Englishman, "and I can see the light. For some time different parties from different countries have been trying to get hold of the San Gregodo mines."

"Gold mines?"

"Yes, and very rich. They have just recently been discovered, and as they are on a tract of hill land owned by the government, there have been no steps taken as yet to develop them. The people are divided as to what is to be done with them. Some want the government to operate them, while others demand that the government lease the ground in small lots to the people. Others favor letting the whole tract to some big company that will pay a large royalty to the government. President Aguerra is inclined to favor letting the mines to the people, and this, in my opinion, is the bone of contention. The men who are behind the scheme to get hold of the mines have millions at their disposal, and there is no doubt that they are giving aid to Pumar. The most powerful syndicate in the field is that represented by Richard Moddington, an American capitalist, and Baron Ostermann, a German, who has millions behind him, and also the German government. It was Moddington and Ostermann who worked a dazzling scheme in one of the islands in the Pacific and succeeded in getting hold of franchises worth millions, through a diplomatic move during a revolution on the island. I believe they are going to work the same scheme in Guadalayara if possible, and as they cannot reach their end through the present government, they will aid in overthrowing it and then deal with the successful power. I am of the opinion that, should President Aguerra consent to lease the San Gregodo mines to the syndicate, it would end the revolution. That is my view of the situation. Of course, the Monroe doctrine prohibits any European inter-

(Continued on page eight.)


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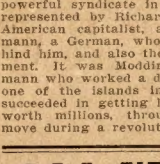

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Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland
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'Neath the Old Cherry Tree, Sweet Marie
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Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

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By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

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## GENTLE JABS.

Beads of perspiration are the jewels of toil.

A faint bank account seldom wins a fair lady.

Never lend money to a man who has a poor memory.

Many seeds of kindness are scattered on barren soil.

The proof of success is the ability to deliver the goods.

Most men are rated either above or below their true value.

Many people are more cheerful outwardly than they feel inside.

Many a man with a red nose has been wrongly accused.

A dog isn't a dentist, even if he does occasionally insert teeth.

A man can always please a woman by telling her that she pleases him.

Don't display your lack of knowledge by boasting about what you know.

Things worth while are more apt to come your way if you go after them.

Nowadays the office employs a civil service commission to seek the man.

A man may sidetrack a lot of temptation by getting himself locked up in jail.

The mosquito is saddest when he stings—unless he makes a quick getaway.

A so-called campaign of education is more likely to be a campaign of elocution.

The way of the transgressor may be hard, but travelers thereon never get lonesome.

Many a man invests in a gold brick under the impression that it is a golden opportunity.

Being in society is a good deal like being in jail; it isn't so bad after you get used to it.

Adversity furnishes a man weapons with which to fight back, but prosperity often disarms him.

When an ordinary man succeeds in accomplishing something worth while he ceases to be ordinary.

Lots of people are good today because they are afraid their actions of yesterday may get in the spotlight.

Why doesn't some one write a novel in which the heroine carefully figures out what the hero would like for dinner?

(Continued from page seven.)

ferences in affairs of this kind, but it does not prohibit the use of money to bribe those in power."

"I have seen something in the papers about Moddington," said Bobby, "and understand that he is here for the purpose of working some scheme, but did not know the particulars."

"He is like a mole, he works in the dark," said the Englishman, "and much of that which is reported about him may be guess work. But the fact that he is here is sufficient evidence that he is up to some of his schemes."

The sun had set when Bobby and Sandy returned to the little wooden pier where the launch awaited them, and as the little craft turned its nose toward San Vincente, the swift-coming tropic night settled over the bay.

This powerful story will be continued in the next week's Ledger. Do not miss reading it. A lot of great and timely stories will appear in the Ledger during the coming months. Send in your subscription and you will find yourself repaid ten times over.

* * *

## THEIR ENGAGEMENT.

Mrs. Teddy left her guests to answer a call outside. As she walked into the hall two telegrams were handed to her. Blank amazement spread over her face as she read them.

"Dick and I have quarreled. Have to withdraw from your house party. Sorry it is in our honor. Keep it hidden. Lie if necessary. He's sure to apologize. Trixy."

Hastily she tore open the second envelope.

"Trixy and I have scrapped. Unable to be with you. Trump up something to tell your friends. Don't let the truth out. Expect to make up soon. She's sure to be sorry. Dick."

"Well, now, what am I going to do?"

In her distress Mrs. Teddy flung open the screen door with a bang and went out on the veranda to calm her nerves and to concoct a story to tell her guests.

"Just the thing!" Her eyes danced as she ran down the steps to meet the young man plodding up the walk under the burden of two suit cases.

"Hurry up, Bob! You must come to my sittingroom right away." And she added, as she fairly hauled him up there, "you simply must help me out of a perfectly awful hole. Just wait a moment!"

She dashed from the room, and as quickly came back, bringing with her a girl, fresh and dainty in a white dress. Her dark hair fell in loose coils about her neck as Mrs. Teddy unceremoniously pushed her into a chair. The two young people exchanged nods of recognition, too amazed to speak; Bob concentrated his gaze on the girl's hair, apparently fascinated.

"Emily, Bob," Mrs. Teddy was thinking rapidly, "you're both good friends of Trixy and Dick, aren't you?"

Two heads bobbed simultaneously.

"Then, I'll tell you; they've squabbled! O, no, nothing serious," as she saw the expression on their faces, "just a little tiff. It will blow over in a day or two. Nevertheless, that doesn't help my cause along, as I've invited these people to meet them right away. Trixy and Dick don't want it known, as people will immediately begin to gossip. Now Emily, no one has met you yet, and Bob, you've just come, so I want you to make believe you're Trixy and Dick!"

"What!" Emily's face was rosy red.

"I'll do it!" Bob cast an admiring glance at Emily.

That young woman tilted up her nose, but grew redder still. Mrs. Teddy took in the situation with a gasp. Her motives became double.

"Do it—for Trixy's sake, dear," she coaxed, and without waiting for Emily's consent, she jumped up and disappeared.

"Why, Bob, I didn't say 'yes!'" Emily pouted.

"You're in for it now, Emily. Buck up and face the guns!" Bob's eyes twinkled mischievously.

"O, Bob, isn't it awful? Can't we back out?" There was panic in her voice.

"I'm afraid not—"

"O, very well. But do hurry before I lose my courage."

However, instead of hurrying herself, she took the pretty shell comb from her hair, deftly running it through the loosened strands and catching them together. As she piled it high upon her head she looked around and met Bob's eyes.

"Why are you staring at me?" she demanded as distinctly as she could with several hairpins between her teeth.

"Don't fix your hair so high, Emily. I like it better low."

"H'm! We're only engaged, I don't have to obey—yet!" she retorted.

"That's so!" he laughed, then added: "But before we go down I'd better warn you that engaged couples generally show a little affection toward each other once in a while, so—I may have to kiss you!"

"You don't look too unhappy over the prospect!" she answered cynically.

"I'm not," said the shameless youth. He looked at her hair. It was coiled low. Self-consciously she raised her hands to it and ran out of the room.

A very flustered young lady and a very gay young man received the congratulations of the guests congregated on the porch five minutes later.

"I wouldn't mind being in his boots," Emily heard one of the young men mutter.

She laid her hand on Bob's arm. "Come away," she whispered appealingly.

Bob placed his arm around her waist and drew her unresistingly through the large French window into the parlor.

The newly engaged pair sat down on the sofa, but after a moment Emily jumped up and ran to a seat at the other end of the room.

"What's the matter?" asked Bob.

"I'm afraid!" gasped Emily, blushing.

"Afraid—of what?"

"That you'll have to—to kiss me if we sit at such close quarters!" Emily blurted out.

"I may, if somebody should peek through the window. You see, it would be my duty; otherwise, they'd think we were fighting, and rightly, too, especially if you sit in one corner of the room and I in another."

Suddenly his voice became imperious. "Emily! Come here—quickly! Somebody is looking now!"

Emily mechanically obeyed, dropping limply on the sofa beside him.

"There's somebody coming into the room!"

"O!" groaned Emily, and buried her face on his shoulder; but only because she was nervous.

"Let us go out among them; then they won't expect us to do much of this."

She rose, a little stiffly, and he followed her. In the doorway they collided with Mrs. Teddy, who was frowning over a telegram.

"Now were in a pickle, for sure!" She handed them the bit of yellow paper.

"Dear Dal—Everything O. K. Peace restored. Will arrive by next train. Trixy and Dick."

The three stood and looked at each other. Then some one called from down stairs:

"O, Mrs. Teddy, where are you? Do come here!"

"Do something! Hide, evaporate—or elope!" she gasped over her shoulder, as she rushed away.

The two deserted ones stood motionless in the middle of the hall.

"Bob," said Emily at last, with a start, "Bob, do you know you have still got your arm around me, and we're not engaged any longer."

The screen door swung open and they heard Mrs. Teddy's voice:

"Why, of course, you misunderstood the names—these are Trixy and Dick. The other two were Emily Waldron and Bob Warick. Yes, they just became engaged yesterday," she plunged on recklessly. "They are very demonstrative, but I guess they knew we wouldn't mind."

"Shall we beat it?" whispered Bob.

Emily nodded. He threw a scarf over her shoulders, jammed somebody's hat on her head, grabbed a cap for himself and, seizing her arm, fled.

"Why, see where we've landed!" gasped Emily, as she sank on one of the benches of the railroad station.

"I knew we would get here if we went far enough." Bob wiped his forehead vigorously. "By Jove, Em! You don't look a bit the worse for wear after that sprint! How do you manage it?"

"Bob Warick, what do you mean by bringing me here?"

"I just thought—we'd better follow—Mrs. Teddy's advice!" stammered Bob sheepishly.

"Bob Warick, she told them we were engaged!"

"And she said we were so demonstrative and——"

"She said—O-o-o!" Emily sought in vain for her handkerchief.

"We thought they wouldn't mind us—"

An angry sob reached Bob's ears. Suddenly he moved close to her.

"Mrs. Teddy told us to elope. We'd have to get married to do that," he argued. "Would you mind so much, dear?"

He drew her hands from her face and forced her to look at him. She drew a queer little breath.

"No—I don't know—that is—I think so—I mean——"

"That you will!" shouted Bob triumphantly, oblivious to his surroundings.

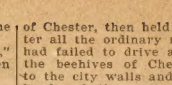
"I suppose I'll have to now," she sighed. "Think what those awful people will say if I don't."

* * *

## Bees That Went to War.

In these days of scientific warfare there are more ways of killing a man than of going to church, but you would have to look far and wide before you would find a more terrifying and demoralizing method of repelling besiegers than that employed by the people of Themisleyra, an ancient city of Asia Minor. A Roman historian tells that when the city was besieged there were great buildings put up to be pushed toward the walls so that the attackers might advance uninjured. But the Themiseyraeans were a capable people, and they chopped holes in the tops of the buildings and cast down on the heads of the advancing army whole swarms of bees and all the wild and ferocious animals that their municipal menagerie had contained.

Likewise, in England, a few hundred years later, the Danes and Norwegians were attacking the ancient Roman city of Chester, then held by the Saxons. After all the ordinary methods of warfare had failed to drive away the Norsemen the beehives of Chester were brought to the city walls and overturned on the heads of the enemy, who retired in haste.

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# The Sea Trailer;

## *Or, AFLOAT WITH BUCCANEERS*

### By WILLIAM H. MANNING

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Begun in No. 29, July 22. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XX.
THE RED NIGHT.

BARRON moved quickly forward to the fallen man's side and laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"Rogel," he exclaimed, "what's wrong with you?"

Zorr remained motionless and wordless, and, realizing that he was unconscious, the Virginian hastened to get water and bathe his face. Eli Dodd looked on with some disapproval.

"That's the man," the sailor reminded, "who threw you over after you gave him the wide end of the plank in the sea."

"Hardly the same man," Barron answered. "The Rogel of this occasion is wounded, weak and helpless. Something has sent him here, and he shall have my best care."

"Well, well, matey, you are right. Give him a lift, and your conscience will nag you less afterward."

Baron labored over his patient, and after a time Rogel's eyes opened. He looked about him, at first blankly, and then temper sprang up within him.

"To the dogs with human flesh!" he snarled in a husky whisper. "So I fainted, did I? Worse than a puling infant, I am. Fainted! Bah! I would swap my feeble body for a Chinaman's joss-stick. Fainted! Oh! suffering catfish, and I used to be——"

He paused, hesitated, and then a new expression appeared in his pallid face, while some color mounted to his cheeks. He reached out, grasped Barron's arm and drew him closer with unexpected show of strength.

"You've got to look alive!" he added in a sharp burr that rose nearly to his normal utterance. "I've come to tell you. I sneaked out of Piper's cave on my feet, but my muscles collapsed, and I did the rest of the trip on my knees. Luckily, nobody saw me, or I'd have fed the buzzards. I crawled, and do you know why? You gave me the wide end of the plank, lad! Look alive, I tell you! This island is going to reek with blood tonight, and you will shed your share of it, unless you get your wits and guns active!"

"What is wrong?" demanded Barron sharply.

"Do you think Piper is sleeping or saying his prayers? That isn't Piper's way. Before the night gets old he will attack Mockrod's party, to try to clean them out, and there is the same dose coming to you."

"What does he want to do?"

"Have things all his own way. Mockrod and he don't agree. If he can kill the mate and sail away in the boat he can rule absolutely while with the pirates. No more friction, and no rival afloat after that. He will soon rush upon the Ursa Major and butcher all hands. At the same time a man will be stationed outside this nook of yours, and when you walk out to investigate the fight in the brigantine he will shoot you dead."

The Virginian had more questions to ask, and Zorr answered freely, but further explanations only added small details to his story. The whole matter was embodied in what had been told already.

"Seems to me that Mr. Piper is a very lively fellow," said Eli sulkily. "Hang my sprained leg!"

"Mate," retorted Rogel, "thank your heathen gods that you have no sprain in your head."

Barron had been eyeing the visitor keenly. As he marked his physical weakness, and studied his manner, he had no hesitation in accepting his statements as worthy of belief.

"Zorr," he said, "this is a kind act of yours. I never suspected that an attack was to come so soon, and your warning is a blessing to us. I can see that you had a hard crawl along the ridge. I thank you——"

"I wouldn't, if I were you!" objected Rogel hastily. "Drop that, and just get your wits to working. What will you do to offset Piper's scheme? Listen! You have a friendly feeling for Miriam Lee?"

"I have."

"She ought to be saved, for she is one of three or four persons on Torrento who don't reek with deviltry. Yes, she should be saved. Hark to me, Reese Barron! When Piper goes to attack the Ursa Major she will be left in the cave. Why can't you rush that practically deserted place then, and carry her away? There are fine hiding-places in this ridge. Meanwhile, if you think it necessary, I'll walk out of this nook to meet the fellow who will lurk to shoot you, and let him have a crack at me."

"And kill you?"

"At that moment," Rogel explained steadily, "I will summon the bit of strength I have and leap at him like a tiger. Maybe I can knife him before he shoots. If not, why, let him have his shot!"

"Not by a million miles, Zorr Rogel. You have been my friend——"

"I wouldn't, if I were you," again objected Zorr, as hastily as before. "Words bend no sails and bring no anchors home. Plan, mates, plan!"

The matter was taken up freely. As Piper knew of the refuge it was Barron easily decided, imperative that they should shift their quarters immediately. Other recesses, equally good, were near, and at the crisis the injured men would be safe while he would be able to do his best for Miriam. He and Eli, having searched Torrento so thoroughly, were able to select the new hiding-place without investigation, and the removal was not delayed. With the help of a stout staff and Barron's arm Eli hobbled to the refuge, though the pain was so great that he barely battled off a total collapse by stubborn exercise of his will. The Virginian had agreed to go back and help Rogel in the same way, but as they gained the new cover he saw that Zorr had crawled after them resolutely.

"You demand too much of your strength," Barron remonstrated.

"That for my strength!" snarled Rogel, snapping his fingers. "The muscle that is gone would be ashamed of what's left if it knew it had crawfished. That half-hearted remnant has got to work its passage."

The bullet went true.

It was stoutly said, but he lay gasping from weakness for a long time after the exertion. It was not until then that Barron remembered having a flask of brandy he had found in the Ursa Major. He went back for it and gave Zorr a liberal dose, bringing the blood visibly to his cheeks. It was exactly what the feeble man needed.

Barron became a human volcano of activity. He made a small light and dressed the injuries of both his companions, after which, having but one remaining duty to perform, he gave his undivided attention to it. Rogel had advised an attempt to rescue Miriam, and he decided that there was a small chance for success. When Piper attacked Mockrod in the brigantine he would need all of his men, and he was not likely to lessen their numbers by leaving a large guard at the cave. It certainly seemed possible to make the attempt at the moment when trouble began aboard the Ursa Major.

Rogel could not tell at what hour the hostile move was to take place, but Barron took no chances. Leaving his two patients in the refuge he moved near the cave. It mouth was dark, and only a man pacing slowly along the outlying rock was to be seen. Below, the Ursa Major was even more silent and equally dark. The outcome of the fight was uncertain. Unless Piper left too many men to guard the cave he would have the superior force, but Mockrod had the cover of the brigantine, and it was not to be expected that so alert a man would fail to post lookouts.

The attack might result in disaster to the assailants.

One party would soon sail away from Torrento in the boat. But which?

Anxious to make sure that all was still well with Miriam the spy crawled hazardously near the entrance and gained the desired view. He saw all who were there—Miriam, Captain Duke's widow, Mrs. Piper, the redoubtable Piper himself, and the freebooters. The women were together, and they seemed to be uninjured. Really, it was to be expected, for Piper would not venture harsh measures while he had ends to serve by his usual diplomacy.

Falling back, presently, Barron selected a position to his liking and awaited the momentous time. He was well armed, and firm in the determination to wrest Miriam away from her dangerous companions.

Estimating the time as well as possible he saw midnight pass and another hour roll by. Then the cave suddenly became a scene of activity. Men appeared outside, looked toward the brigantine, and again disappeared within. Soon after a single man passed Barron's hiding-place, his face toward the north. The Virginian smiled grimly as he realized that this was the person selected to butcher him as he emerged from his former refuge. He, at least, was destined to meet with disappointment.

Five minutes later human forms appeared in orderly motion at the mouth of the cave, turned to the south and walked away together. As the Ursa Major was due east it was evident that Piper planned to approach it circuitously, to avoid the discovery that a direct advance might precipitate. Barron had counted their numbers and made nine. This appeared to leave only one on guard over the women, and he waited only for a further getting away of the would-be assailants to rush the cave.

While he waited, with his gaze briefly upon the pacing guard, he was astonished to see that man drop in his tracks and lie still. Then two female forms darted toward him on the ridge-side.

It was a great surprise, but it flashed upon him that all the activity of the night had not been confined to the men, and he leaped from cover, called Miriam's name and ran forward. A few seconds more and he found himself with the Queen and Miriam. The latter flung out her hands in an excited gesture.

"It is you, it is you!" she exclaimed. "Thank Heaven!"

"I was about to come to your rescue," he explained. "I am very glad you have escaped so soon, though I don't understand. I saw the man on guard fall——"

"So he did!" interrupted Duke's widow

(Continued on page twelve.)


# THAT AWFUL BACKACHE

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Morton's Gap, Kentucky.—"I suffered two years with female disorders, my health was very bad and I had a continual backache which was simply awful. I could not stand on my feet long enough to cook a meal's victuals without my back nearly killing me, and I would have such dragging sensations I could hardly bear it. I had soreness in each side, could not stand tight clothing, and was irregular. I was completely run down. On advice I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and am enjoying good health. It is now more than two years and I have not had an ache or pain since I do all my own work, washing and everything, and never have the backache any more. I think your medicine is grand and I praise it to all my neighbors. If you think my testimony will help others you may publish it."—Mrs. OLLIE WOODALL, Morton's Gap, Kentucky.

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# TICKLISH TACKLES

### The Longest Word.

"What is the longest word in the English language?" asked Uncle Tom.

"Valetudinarianism, I suppose," replied James, who had taken a prize in spelling.

"No," spoke up Susie; it's 'smiles' because there is a whole mile between the first and last letters."

"I know one," said Jack, "that has over three miles between its first and last letters."

"What word is that?" asked Uncle Tom.

"Beleaguered," cried Jack, triumphantly.

"I know one," said Philip, "that is longer than that. 'Transcontinental' has a whole continent between its beginning and ending."

"Intereceanic' beats them all," exclaimed Elsie, "for it contains an ocean and an ocean is larger than any continent."

### Reason for Suspicion.

In a country police court recently a man was charged with shooting a number of pigeons, the property of a farmer.

In giving his evidence, the farmer was so careful that he even seemed nervous, and the solicitor for the defense endeavored to frighten him.

"Now," he remarked, "are you prepared to sweep on oath that this man shot your pigeons?"

"I didn't say he did shoot them," was the carefully worded reply. "I said I suspected him o' doing it."

"Ah, now we're coming to it. What made you suspect that man?"

"Well, firstly, I caught him on my land wi' a gun. Secondly, I heerd a gun go off, and saw some pigeons in his pocket—and I don't hardly think them birds flew there and committed suicide."

### The Use of the Hyphen.

"Here," said the teacher, pointing with her cane to the blackboard, "we have an example of a compound word—'bird-cage.'"

She paused dramatically, while her pupils bent forward in their seats and read the bold, white letters in profound silence.

"In compound words," she resumed, "a hyphen is employed to show relation between the two terms that form it. Ahem! For instance—Thomas," she broke off suddenly, "you're not attending!"

"Yes, I was," murmured Thomas.

"Well, if you were," retorted the teacher, pointing again to the blackboard, "perhaps you'll tell the class why the hyphen is placed between bird and cage?"

For a thrilling second Thomas racked his brain for light. Then he exclaimed: "I know! It's for the bird to perch on!"

### He Trembled for the Enemy.

A detachment of British soldiers was about to attack a tribe of rebel Indian tribesmen, who wailed them down up in battle order. A seasoned old sergeant noticed a young soldier, fresh from home visibly affected by the nearness of the coming fight. His face was pale, his teeth chattered and his knees tried hard to knock each other out. It was sheer nervousness, but the sergeant thought it was downright funk.

"Callaghan," he whispered, "is it trimbin' ye are for yer own dirty skin?"

"No-no, sergint," replied Callaghan making a brave attempt to still his shaking limbs, "O'im trimblin' for the inimy. They don't know Callaghan's here."

### Reason Enough.

A negro near Xenia, Ohio, had been arrested for chicken stealing. He had stolen so many that his crime had become grand larceny.

He was tried, convicted and brought in for sentence.

"Have you any reason to offer why judgment of the court should not be passed upon you?" he was asked.

"Well, Jedge," he replied, "I cain't go to jail now, nohow. I'm buildin' a shack out yonder an' I jus' cain't go till I git it done. You-all kin sholy see dat."

### Defines a Speculator.

The late John H. Barker of Michigan, who left a fortune of $30,000,000 to his 14-year-old daughter, was strongly opposed to speculation.

"Do not speculate," Mr. Barker once said in an address to young men. "Business stand on shaky ground. They know no peace."

Mr. Barker smiled.

"In fact," he said, "a speculator is always worrying about the money market, while his wife is always worrying about the market money!"

### Impractical.

Wheeler—Gearing is the most impractical inventor I have ever seen. Do you know what he is doing now?

Shaffler—No; what?

Wheeler—Trying to invent a barbed wireless fence.

### Discretion.

Bill—And you asked the father for his daughter's hand in marriage?

Jill—Yes, last night.

Bill—What did he say?

Jill—He was very angry.

Bill—And what did you do?

Jill—I treated him as I would a king.

Bill—How so?

Jill—Why, I backed out of his presence.

### Something in the Man.

"I saw Maude out motoring in Charlie Tripp's car yesterday."

"Don't you mean Jack Daffey's car?"

"No."

"That's funny. Charlie's car has only four cylinders, while Jack's has six."

"Yes, I know. But I honestly think she likes Charlie two cylinders more than she likes Jack."

### When Fate Mocks.

"Too bad about Joe."

"What's the matter?"

"He sprained his arm and they are afraid he never can pitch again, so his folks are going to make a doctor or something of that sort out of him."

### A Business Transaction.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the new clerk, "but that dollar you just took in is a counterfeit."

"That may be," answered the proprietor nervously, "but the woman who gave it to me was the minister's wife."

"But do you take counterfeit money from women just because they happen to be ministers' wives?"

"Certainly I do not."

"Didn't you notice the money was phoney?"

"Darn it! If you've got to know it, young man, that was the dollar I dropped in the contribution box last Sunday. And, look here—your business is to weigh out beans and measure spaghetti—not to keep tab on your employer."

### A Peculiarly Gifted Son.

"I don't know what I'm ever going to make of that son of mine," complained a business man the other day. The old chap is self-made, a graduate of the university of hard knocks, and all that; and it naturally grieves him to have a son who is not aggressive.

"Maybe your son hasn't found himself yet," we consoled. "Isn't he gifted in any way?"

"Gifted? I should say he is. He ain't got a darned thing that wasn't given to him."

### The Sporting Constable.

"Weal," said the constable, after some parley with Jinks, "I reckon I know speed when I see speed, and, by gorey! I'll bet ya $5 ye was goin' faster'n the law allows."

"I'll bet you $5 I wasn't," said Jinks. "And there's the money."

He paid the constable the $5, and resumed his journey.

"They is nuthin' in this sportin' life after all," chuckled the constable, as he folded up the bill and placed it in his pocket.

### Prepared For Him.

A young man who recently married a charming girl who knows music had his first acquaintance the other night with the fact that his bride has a sense of humor, too.

They live in a cozy little house out in the suburbs. Wayne, and they're as happy as a pair of turtle doves. Like every young newlywed, the young man has reported home promptly every evening, but he happened to be detained in town the other night. And he didn't reach Wayne until after midnight!

When he entered the house, his wife was seated at the piano. He rushed over to her and began to apologize for having staid in town. But his wife ignored him and in her best fashion played "Tell me the old, old story."

He saw the point.

### Brave Fellows.

A slight neglect inspires regret,
'Midst the awards to various men.
Why don't the baseball umpires get
Some hero medals now and then?

### No Food at All.

"Lady," began Hungry Higgins, "I'd thank yer for a meal——"

"Ah!" exclaimed the bright, pleasant housekeeper, "you're one of those after-dinner speakers?"

"Not exactly, lady, or I wouldn't be so hungry. I ain't got so much as a chestnut about me."

### The Way It Went.

Jack—So you broke your engagement with Miss Xapensive.

John—Neither she nor I broke it.

Jack—Well, why aren't the cards out?

John—Why, she told me what her clothing cost, and I told her what my income was. Then our engagement gently dissolved.

### Fond Parent—Johnnie has a great future before him.

Grouchy Batch—Well, you could hardly expect it to be behind him at his age.

### Harry's School Marks.

Harry's mother talked to him long and earnestly about the poor marks he had been getting in his work at school. She painted in alluring colors the career of the little boy who studies his lessons and gains the love and respect of his teachers. She went even further. She promised him that if he got good marks she would give him a whole dime all for his own. Harry seemed impressed.

That afternoon he returned from school fairly dancing with joy.

"O, mother," he shouted, "I got 100!"

"Harry!" cried the delighted mother. She hugged him and kissed him and petted him and—gave him a dime.

"And what did you get 100 in?" she finally asked.

"In two things," replied Harry without hesitation. "I got 40 in readin' and 60 in spellin'."

### The Value of Knowledge.

Officer (at distance judging practice)—Well, have you learned anything new today?

Private—Yes, sir; if you takes the bolt out of your rifle and looks through the barrel and a man just fits inside he's 300 yards away.

Officer—And what is there remarkable about that?

Private (after consideration)—Nothin', 'cept that I didn't know it before.

### Everybody Came.

"Yes, our whole fire department made a desperate effort to save the property at the fire last night."

"Did they send in a second alarm?"

"They didn't have to. It was the distillery."

### Solar Flirtation.

One night the stars began to spoon,
And Mercury flirted with the moon.
Saturn kissed Venus, so 'tis said,
And that is why old Mars turned red.

### It Seems To.

The world likes a good loser, particularly if it gets some of his money.

### Harmless Fun.

Edna—I'll never go walking with him again.

Mat—Oh, why?

Edna—He thinks if he takes me into every second ice cream parlor he's doing fine.

### Mrs. Hamanhash—I don't see why all these flies come here.

Peevish Boarder—Not when there is a first class place across the street for the same price. They must be strangers in town.

### A Business Proposition.

Mr. Hunter—But, my dear, I can't live without you.

Miss Wyse—Poor thing, haven't you any trade?

### Going Down!

### BAD PRACTICE.

I know the way to happiness—
That is, I have a recipe
Wherewith I might attain it, yes,
And never sad nor troubled be.
'Twould never fail me, don't forget,
My scheme is fruitful, new and nice—
But am I happy? Nay, not yet!
I do not take my own advice!

I know a road to riches great,
"Stick right—work hard," that's only part;
No man can fail of wealth's estate
Who'll take my teaching all to heart.
I've spent some years in finding out
These truths I hold beyond all price—
But I am poor, because, no doubt,
I do not take my own advice!

I know a scheme whereby a man
May look his best by day or night;
He needs but follow out my plan
To set a maiden's eye alight
With love that makes the world go round—
Then come the wedding bells and rice;
But still no maid for me I've found—
I do not take my own advice!

Oh, I have dealt 'n divers schemes
To bring much good to many men,
And I have dreamed some splendid dreams
I've spread their message with my pen.
But have I ever won with these
The prizes which alone suffice?
Alas! I haven't. If you please,
I do not take my own advice!

### Fireman, Spare That Hen!

Being outside of the fire limits, the villagers had petitioned and received an appropriation for the purchase of a hand tub. This was installed in a disused blacksmith-shop, where it remained for two years, used only in Fourth of July parades. Finally a stroke of lightning started a small fire in a farmhouse near by, but when the volunteer firemen arrived at the temporary engine-house the foreman stood at the door with uplifted hand, "Don't tech her, boys, for heaven's sake!" he shouted. "I've got two hens a-settin' in the tub!"

### Her Thoughtfulness.

Mr. Van Strapleir (in crowded trolley car)—Madam, I do wish you would be a little careful with those infernal hatpins of yours. I don't want to die of blood poisoning.

Mrs. Deatyiers—Oh, there is no danger of blood poisoning, I assure you, sir; my hatpins are sterilized.

### In Plain Words.

Father (to daughter, whom he sees whispering to her mother)—Elsie, how often have I told you not to do that? Speak out if you want anything.

Elsie—Well, father, I wanted to know why the woman near me has such a red nose.

### A Slight Mistake.

"He's always been growling, but of late he is getting snappish."

"Hadn't you better have him killed?"

"Have whom killed?

"Aren't you talking about your dog?"

"No—my husband."

### Madame has said that you should not come here begging again!"

"Indeed! It is the fault of my secretary, not crossing the name off my list!"

### "But, dearest, I haven't told you that my brother is a poet."

"Well, even that fact won't change my opinion of you."

### Vivian—Does that man play the cornet for his health?

George—No; for the neighbors' health; they can't stand listening to him and have to go to the country.

### Percy Pikepounder—Yes, I like de city better'n de small places. Dere's more jobs in de city.

Fells Hawsted—Wot!

Percy Pikepounder—So dat in de city youse can tell de police magistrate dat youse have a job an' get away wit' it; but in de little places you got to show 'em or dey'll lead yous to it.

# The Sea Trailer.

(Continued from page nine.)

curtly. "He fell and died. I struck him!"

"But is there no other man there?"

"No!"

Barron had looked back, and as he did so he surely saw human life. Above the entrance to the cave rose a hood-like rock, and from this rock men were dropping—one, two, three, four—he wearied of counting as he realized the truth.

Mockrod had come to attack the cave.

"Now is our time to get clear," he hurriedly said. "Queen, I infer that you will follow up your brave beginning by keeping us company?"

"For the sake of this good girl!" was her brief reply. "We know no hiding-place. If you do, lead there at once."

"We will cross the ridge. The place is selected. Come!"

They had spoken with haste and little time had been wasted, but had not counted upon Mockrod's quick wits and equally quick action. Finding the cave vacant his men surged forth, while his voice rang out clearly.

"With me, my hearties! We will have the boat and launch it or die trying Come!"

They swept along the hillside, and their way was directly toward Barron and his charges.

"Down, down!" he urged. "They have not yet seen us, and we may escape their notice. Down!"

The three dropped behind a rock, and he flung his arm around Miriam protectingly. He felt her shiver, but no word of terror passed her lips. Meanwhile, the pirates were rushing toward them, and the outlook was ominous. Realizing, at last, that the rock was directly in the course of the men the Virginian withdrew his arm, and, with pistol in one hand and knife in the other, crouched lightly.

On came the buccaneers, and the foremost save one touched the top of the rock with his flying feet and sprang clear. After him came another burly fellow, but when he would have taken the same leap he stumbled, fell and dropped upon Barron. Then he rolled a couple of yards and came up with surprising quickness.

"Here they are Mockrod!" he shouted. "Rally, mates!"

The evil chance of the hour had done its work, and as the men, hearing the cry, turned about, the attack that had been diverted from Piper's force was launched upon the fugitives.

Barron fired with his pistol close to the nearest man and he went down. The Queen was barely behind him and a second victim was placed to her credit, but others were there. Barron shifted the knife to his right hand and plunged to meet the enemy. He barely warded off a blow, and then Mockrod loomed by his side. The lieutenant laughed harshly.

"The Queen and her defenders!" he cried. "Death for the one and love for the other!"

They were his last words. Captain Duke's widow held a last shot in the array of pistols she carried, and she fired it then. The bullet went true, and Mockrod died by her hand. Barron saw, but he was more than busy. Men pressed him sharply and he felt that his resources were horribly unequal to the demand of the moment. Then came a strange, ringing cry and a shot was at his elbow, dropping a foeman.

"Brothers of the plank!" added the same voice. "War, Barron, war!"

Zorr Rogel was there to aid, and he flung himself at their adversaries irresistibly. There was a brief period when he and the Virginian fought side by side and the latter saw that Zorr was a volcano of destruction, then—the survivors of the pirates fled down the ridge.

"Brothers——"

Rogel gasped the word, reeled and fell.

"See!" exclaimed the Queen, clutching at Barron. "Piper has heard and is coming. See!"

He looked where she pointed and saw the second detachment of buccaneers running toward them. There was no time to lose. They must flee while there was chance that the darkness would enable them to escape. He bent over Rogel, called his name and shook him gently, but there was no reply. Reluctantly deciding that he was dead, the Virginian led Miriam and the Queen away, keeping in the deepest depressions and recesses, while a backward glance showed that Piper's men, arriving at the point of the fight, were briefly hesitating.

Then they swept along the ridge.

There was no time to cross the high land, as he had planned, and, passing along the east slope, the leader presently found himself near the cave of the man who dwelt on Torrento. It seemed to invite him, but as it was known to Piper, entrance there would possibly be fatal. He went past, and then swung up the way, trying to get out of the track of the freebooters.

Thirty rods beyond it appeared advisable to delay and trust to secrecy. Then he scanned the backward ground. The pursuers were near the cave, briefly quiet, but a disturbance rose among them. Then sounded a wild cry, like one Barron had heard before, and a tall figure swept away through the darkness.

Undoubtedly it was the hermit of Torrento, but it was not until he saw the pursuit utterly cease that it seemed to have any meaning for the fugitives. The lull among their foes presently grew perplexing, but it was something so encouraging that the Virginian led his charges on up the ridge. They reached it, moved farther, and in five minutes the two women were in the chosen refuge.

Determined to reta understanding of all that was possible, Barron returned to the summit. From that point he could dimly see the buccaneers, but they were grouped, quiet and idle.

Mystery went with that sudden lull. What did it mean?

## CHAPTER XXI.
### AFTER LIFE, THE GRAVE.

It was an hour past dawn of the following morning. Barron, lying under a tree on the summit of the ridge, was witnessing a scene that perplexed him. At the first touch of day the pirates had become visible on the lower land, the survivors of both parties having clearly dropped their feud and reunited their numbers, though he saw nothing of Piper; and at that hour, too, they had dug a long trench and buried the fallen. A single grave, somewhat apart, was undoubtedly the last resting place of Mockrod

The sods had been replaced, and now the freebooters were toiling up the ascent, bearing some burden under a black cloth that he could not positively identify. They moved until the very pinnacle was reached, pausing where rose the cone by which Eli Dodd had identified Torrento when the island was first discovered by Barron and himself. There the burden was set down and they stood briefly idle. Then they produced spades and began to dig. Coming, they had borne no implements of that kind, so it was safe to assume that the spades had been taken there during the night

Still watching, the Virginian saw the excavation assume the form of a grave. He wondered why. The shape of the burden added to the impression. But who, since they had buried others below, were they to inter at the very pinnacle of Torrento? The idea had just flashed upon him when a harsh laugh sounded close by his side. Turning abruptly he saw him who had laughed.

It was the hermit of the island.

For the first time Barron saw his face by day—a broad, coarse, scarred face; and, forgetful for the moment of suspicions he had before entertained, the Virginian gazed at him with apathy that was only broken by commonplace curiosity. So animal-like a man, clad in rags, interested him, just then, but little.

The hermit was gazing toward the cone, and his thick lips were parted in a smile far from pleasant. He spoke, and his voice rumbled oddly, like that of one unfamiliar with human speech.

"They go to bury him there!" he said, and laughed again.

"To bury whom?" Barron asked.

"Seagulf."

"What?"

"The old captain of the Red Talon, the scourge of the seas, the pirate who never heard of mercy. This time he came in fine clothes and I heard him called Piper. He had changed his shell but not his meat. Now he will be no more than the worm that crawls.

"Do you really mean that Piper is dead?"

Barron asked the question with less of surprise than if the information had come a little before. The events near the cone and the absence of the master-man had combined to give him the clew. Now he questioned and the hermit drew forth a long-bladed, keen knife. Tapping his fingers upon it he smiled again and replied:

"Ask this steel!"

"Was he killed by you?"

"Ay!"

"When?"

"When he last led his men near my cave a few hours ago. I had ventured back there to get my table and stool, and I was nearly caught. When I saw Seagulf again he did not frighten me as he did the first time, and as I remembered the past my mind grew full of fire and I leaped and stabbed him. Ay, him! Call him Seagulf, or call him Piper—I killed him. I am avenged!"

"For what?" Barron asked.

"It was long ago. I was a boy, and not given to ill ways. He captured my ship and took me on board the Red Talon. He made me a pirate, corrupting my mind, and I served fourteen years under him and two years in the Black Beak, his sister ship."

"The vessel that lies yonder, rotted to its keel?"

"Yes. She was crippled in a fight with a warship, and then smitten by a tempest. She drove ashore where she lies, and I was the only survivor. For twelve years I have lived here, a hermit. I shall never go away. See! I do not fear you, my man, but I want speech with nobody except on today. You have been curious, so I consent to talk. Yes, I was a pirate in the Black Beak, under Goffdyck, who had been Seagulf's lieutenant until the chief fitted out his consort ship, Merry days, those, until destruction overtook both parties, yet my soul has dripped blood for twelve years because of my sins. It is well that I live in solitude, crying for mercy to the men we freebooters slew."

"Do you positively know Piper to have been Seagulf?"

"Positively! Good clothes did not hide him. There was another man who has worn good clothes lately. A few hours ago you crept down the ridge where you fought last night and found a man among the fallen there, and you bent over him and felt of his pulse and heart, and then lifted him and bore him to the recess where your honest friend with the bad leg is. Why did you carry that man? Why not leave him to be buried with the others?"

"I had known the man for some weeks, and we had shared peril together, and once we drifted together on a plank in mid-ocean. Last night, though he was sore wounded, he came to my aid when I was beset, and fought bravely by my side. His strength was born of excitement, and though he received no fresh wound, he finally dropped from sheer exhaustion. I thought him dead and left him, but finally I went back and, as you say, carried him to where Eli Dodd is. Why should I not care for him. He made a noble fight for me

"Have it as you will, but that man was also under Seagulf once, and it took no urging to make him a pirate. Listen! His name is Zorr Rogel. Do I not know him?"

Barron did not answer. His old suspicions had not been forgotten, but it pained him to have his worst suspicions of Rogel confirmed.

The hermit breathing off, had shifted his gaze and was again looking toward the elevated cone. The diggers had shaped a grave, and they lifted the shrouded form and laid it within, and then began piling the sods over the sleeper. There was an unexpected touch of romantic fitness in the spot they had chosen. If Captain Duke had died on Torrento this might have been his resting place, too, but it was reserved by fate for one man alone.

There they left Seagulf, buried on the loftiest peak of the ridge, doing honor to him who had lived without honor. Because, in former days, he had led men in crime on the deep, they laid him where one might fancy he could, and would, look out to sea in all directions.

Then they filed down the rough way toward the lower land.

"If," said the hermit slowly, thoughtfully, "some one who liked him less should disturb his grave and pile much wood there, and then set fire to the wood, it would be more fitting. Flames purify the body and soul."

Barron had been watching the men as they retreated, and, watching, he had chanced to look at the Ursa Major. He wheeled abruptly upon his companion.

"You say you have been twelve years on Torrento. Then you were here when yonder ship drove ashore. What about her? Did any one aboard live when she fetched to the beach?"

The hermit fell back sharply. For the first time something like terror seized upon him and he shrank like a stricken man. His eyes had a light that told of panic, and Barron was so apprehensive of his taking to flight that he spoke again hastily.

"Wait, wait! I only want to learn whether one dear to me survived the wreck of the brigantine. If he came ashore I want to know—"

But the hermit had apparently endured all he could. Wheeling, he ran away swiftly, and though Barron pursued he was soon left behind by the amazing speed of the wild man. Again, as on former occasions, he lost him and could not regain the trace.

By the time that he realized his discomfiture events had progressed additionally near the shore. He saw that the boat had been floated, and that the pirates were about to embark. They were in harmonious relations, and evidently eager to go. They had their wounded, but the Virginian looked in vain for Mrs. Piper.

He watched further, saw them step their mast and bend their sails, and as their supplies had evidently been previously stowed, they entered, caught the breeze and moved away. When they were a mile distant he stirred and descended the hill.

First he went to the recess where he had left Eli Dodd and Zorr Rogel. The latter had recovered consciousness, and, though feeble of body, his quenchless spirit looked out of his bright eyes. No words were necessary then with always-loyal Eli, and Barron went straight to Rogel.

"Mate," he said, "I'm glad to see you so well. A little time will make you your old self. Ah! but that was a great fight we waged last night, side by side. You crucified the body to help me, and I am


# Fat Defeating EXTRAORDINARY.

Margaret Knolly

Slender Margaret Knolly, now, if you please. The fascinating leading lady of the Bijou, now more fascinating than ever, astonished all her friends on Broadway the other day by presenting to their admiring gaze a svelt and willowy form in place of the plump, not to say fat, outlines with which she sadly sailed away to new triumphs and foreign shores last January. After a good deal of diplomatic cross-examination from interested fat acquaintances the secret was cautiously whispered to a few dear friends, with the result that everybody knows it now. It was not exercise, nor fasting, nor sea air, nor worry about her new venture that had brought about this wonderful willowy change in the charming Margaret; no, none of these; nothing but a simple mixture which all good druggists are familiar with and can supply at small cost, to-wit: One-half ounce Marmola, one-half ounce Fluid Extract Carcara Aromatic, and three and one-half ounces Peppermint Water. "Grown persons need a teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime," explained the now slender Margaret. "It is simply wonderful. I can now enjoy these warm summer days without the greasy, "sticky" feeling of past seasons. It takes off the fat quickly, as much as a pound a day, it keeps it off. You can eat what you like, too. In that respect it is unlike anything of the kind I ever heard of, and besides it has another splendid feature—it is entirely harmless, does not overtax or depress the heart, even on the hottest days, and will not cause wrinkles. I think it is about as essential a toilet article for the woman who is fat and wants to get thinner as face powder. In order to get the best results, however, you should buy the Marmola in the original package and mix it in with the other two ingredients after you get home."

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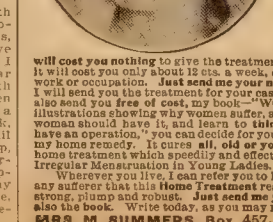

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deeply grateful to you. Your hand mate!"

Zorr glanced once at the hand that was thrust near him, but did not take it.

"I wouldn't if I were you," he said quietly, as on a former occasion.

"Why not?"

"Let me tell you something. When you were in the good ship Royal Oak you had a Judas by your side. I sailed from London with you because a certain man had asked me to do so, and merely as your enemy. From the first I was that, only waiting to get further orders. I know that Mark Piper is dead, and it will do no harm to add that he was the enemy. After he joined us aboard ship at Cape Town he asked me to heave you overboard to the fishes. I agreed, and one night I stood by your side to do it. My hands had crept almost to your body, ready for the Judas cast, when chance led the mate of the Royal Oak to walk and stand by our side. My intention was abandoned for then, and has not been repeated, but, Barron, I intended to kill you.

"Wait a bit!" Rogel added; "hear me out. When the Royal Oak was wrecked and we floated in the sea I was near death until you exchanged ends of your plank with me, saving my life. Was I grateful? No! In my heart I called you a fool, for the exchange might have brought you to grief. Gratitude! Bah! I felt none, and when we were picked up by the Sweeping Broom I kept apart from you because of lack of gratitude. Man, unsuspicious man, shipmate Rogel was a marble friend, and he never felt a spark of good will. Stay! I am in error now. I did rather like you, and enjoyed talking with you, but under it was black evil. Was I not waiting to work you harm? I was worse than the vulture that comes to pick the bones of the dead man, for, having no personal enmity, I craved your blood while you lived.

"Once more, wait! I came to Torrento desperately wounded, and as I lay on my back I got to thinking. You had given me the wide end of the plank, and it occurred to me that I was a cowardly dog to be ungrateful. A dog! Why, a dog would have followed you to the end of the world for that, humbly grateful. I was a human being worse than a brute or carrion-vulture, and I realized it. Look you, this was not sickbed repentance, but just common sense, logic, or whatever you wish to call it. Well, when I heard Piper plot your death I crawled out to tell you, and—yes, I believe I did do a little fighting. That's nothing."

Barron had listened patiently, eyeing the speaker calmly.

"You forget two things, Rogel," he then said. "Mark Piper was Seagulf, and you once sailed with him in the Red Talon."

"I was about to tell you that," returned Zorr evenly.

"Anything more?"

"Isn't that enough?"

"No, for there is more. Dragging your wounded body feebly, you warned me, last night, and then fought by my side when nature demanded that you keep to your bed. That wipes out the old account. Here is my hand, Rogel!"

Zorr looked at the hand, and there was something like a wistful light in his eyes as he shifted them to Barron's face, but he remained calm and easy.

"You are a good fellow, Barron," he declared, "and if I were like you I would take the hand and never prove false to you. Being what I am—it's a good hand, Barron, but not for me to clasp. In a way, though, I'd like to feel that we're mates."

"Emphatically, we are. You warned me and fought for me. We are mates, Rogel."

There was no more time to lose, and Barron left the recess and went to investigate further. In the cave he found Mrs. Piper, composedly sitting by the entrance. She greeted him with her usual stupid, good-natured smile.

"I thought somebody would come, sooner or later," said she, placidly. "Benito—"

The Virginian's old galley-mate stepped forward from the interior.

"What!" Barron exclaimed, "you here?"

"I felt that somebody ought to stay and cook for her," explained the little man cheerfully. "Besides, I doubted that there was any watch on the island that would keep correct time except the one you gave me. I simply had to stay. Shall I cook something for you, sir?"

Barron did not care to eat. Presently he ascended to the higher land and looked far a-sea. The pirate boat was gone from sight, no speck showing on the sky-line. As there was now no dangerous person on Torrento he brought Miriam and the queen to the cave, and planned to add Eli and Rogel to the party when they could be moved. Then he set out to find the island hermit again.

The Ursa Major lay on the beach, and he was convinced that the hermit could explain much if he would. Until light was somehow gained the mystery of his father's fate would remain unsolved, and, though he was anxious to get to Sydney, the only means of leaving Torrento was the dubious resort to a raft.

During the week that followed no sign was seen of the hermit, but it was an eventful week for Barron. He and Miriam wandered far and wide together, and their friendly relations were added to each day. Eli and Rogel were now moving about, the former practically well, and Zorr fast gaining. Then came an evening when they planned to begin the raft on the next day, but its first timbers were never laid, in spite of this.

Daybreak showed a sail scarcely three miles away. It drew nearer, anchored off the shore, and a boat was lowered and manned; after which it came to land with a man standing in the bows who looked with eager attention. He and the Virginian met on the beach, and while all noted a strong resemblance between them, they spoke with interest that soon developed into mutual agitation. Then, with explanations made, they clasped hands warmly.

Clayton Barron had come to Torrento!

His story was long, but, at the first, abridged. He had served under his unjust sentence for many years, and then, having gained the good will of the officers by his exemplary conduct, he was allowed many privileges. Finally he met a rich man who was in the bush on business and told him his story. The rich man was a bold planner, and he agreed to outfit a vessel and send Clayton to Torrento. First, as the convict was to be transferred to another station, and as, being a trusted man, he was allowed to travel alone, another man was engaged for a monetary consideration to accept his identity.

Clayton, liberated by this device, journeyed to Sydney. The Ursa Major was chartered and equipped, and went to sea. There she was attacked by Captain Duke, and all but Clayton perished of her people. He was left for dead, but regained consciousness to find a squall driving rain upon the brigantine and fast extinguishing a fire that had come perilously near destroying her. He lived, and was not seriously wounded, but, unequal to the task of handling the ship alone, drifted aimlessly until, at the end of a week, the Ursa Major was beset by a gale and finally cast upon Torrento, dismasted and otherwise injured. The remarkable fact that, without helmsman or navigator, she had come ashore precisely where he had wished to be was not the only strange fact—even so the Black Beak had sought the land years before.

His information as to the treasure had been gained abroad from an ex-pirate he met, aged, ill and near his end, and directions were clear, though even he was uncertain as to what buccaneer left it there. It was not Seagulf, though the latter must have known of it, and as the dying man said, and perhaps truthfully, that its existence was known to but two men living, the fact that it had remained untouched was not so strange.

The book that Benito had in his galley was utilized by Clayton to draw a map for his partner, when in the bush the juice of the carrel shrub being used for that purpose.

Investigating, on reaching Torrento, he found Lytrelf, the hermit, living in the same cave with the treasure, and it was a month before he could secure it or win the man's confidence. When the confidence was gained they worked together to carry the treasure to another cave, for greater safety. Clayton had no part in the excavation in the decaying hull of the Black Beak, that being recent, idly inquisitive labor on the part of the hermit.

When all was done Lytrelf had constructed an ingenious craft,, half-boat and half-raft, on which Clayton sailed away. After a long time he reached Sydney, whereupon his wealthy partner equipped another ship, and now the elder Barron was come for the money and jewels, the value of which was estimated at upwards of a million dollars.

The Barrons, father and son, were reunited, and soon on the warmest terms; and together they labored to get their wealth on board the ship. During the time they lingered Lytrelf often received Clayton in his new den, and was friendly to him, but he resolutely refused to talk with anybody else. Neither was he to be induced to leave Torrento. There he was resolved to dwell alone, expiating his sins.

When, at last, the ship sailed for Sydney, only Lytrelf remained behind. Reese Barron, standing on deck with Miriam by his side, looked back and saw the island where so much had befallen him, and as his gaze roved he detected a single human figure on its very summit, close by the cone. There, too, he detected something, that at one spot, gave the cone an altered appearance, almost as if something had been piled there; but he did not suspect the truth until, when they were five miles at sea, a blaze sprang up at that point, flaming above the pile. Then he knew the explanation.

Lytrelf had carried out his once-expressed idea, the grave was violated, and a fierce, hot blaze was mounting above the spot where Seagulf lay.

Long after the summit of Torrento was barely visible that black smoke mounted, a farewell to them, and the consuming funeral pyre of the old sea scourage. Reese gladly turned away to look into Miriam's eyes.

When Sidney was reached they found Captain Ray and the other survivors of the Royal Oak, safely come to port. Except that, months later, Peter Hawk, sometime seaman in the same ship, arrived to tell that he had managed to slip away from the pirates when they touched the coast for water, no definite tidings ever came of that wild party.

Mrs. Piper and Captain Duke's widow, each securing her share in her husband's wealth, passed quietly out of sight, each going her chosen, separate way. Benito had taken an odd fancy for Mrs. Piper, and he kept her company, to do her cooking. Eli Dodd shipped again, and was long an able seaman, although Reese had promptly made him financially independent.

Zorr Rogel bade Reese farewell in Sydney, and though he spoke only matter-of-fact words, he yielded to some emotion at the end, and, breaking a former resolution, abruptly gave his hand and made the clasp impetuous and painfully warm. Then he went forever out of the sight of the man who had once given him the wider end of the plank.

The Barrons, father and son, arrived Virginia, and invoking the aid of the law, recovered Winfettle plantation. Before then Reese had united his life forever with Miriam's and it was she who reigned long as mistress of the ancestral home.

The end.

Fair Maid—Do you think my voice is improving?

Candid Man—My, yes! It hasn't got that steamboat whistle tone to it now—it's more like a locomotive.

## Carriages.

The word carriage comes from the old Latin word "carrus," which means a cart.

Cabriolet, commonly shortened to cab, comes from a French word which means goat leap or caper. The carriage is so named on account of its lightness.

Omnibus is from the Latin and means "for all."

Gig is from the French word for jig, and it is given to the vehicle on account of its motion.

A sulky is so called because the driver is regarded as a sulky fellow; otherwise why should he prefer to ride alone?

Coupe is from the French word "to cut." It is given to the vehicle because it looks like a coach with its front cut off. There is a tradition, also, that it was named for Mme. Coupe, a lady of the French court.


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# ON HIS METTLE;

## *Or, The Adventures of Ralph Overton*

### By J. M. MERRILL

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CHAPTER XII.

"HE IS AN IMPOSTOR!"

OUR YOUNG hero realized that his enemy had locked him in the garret, to be mean and hateful of course. This did not alarm Ralph to any extent. He had very little to do with the housekeeper's son since that encounter with him on that first day of his arrival at the rich man's home. He remembered that Enoch had declared his intention of revenging himself on his uncle's factotum, but had thought no more of it. Now he realized that the threat had been no idle one.

The jeering laugh again sounded from beyond the closed door.

"I've got ye now," called the voice of Enoch.

"Maybe you have, but you won't keep me long."

"Why won't I, you gosling?" jeered Enoch.

"I came here on an errand for your mother. She'll want what I came for, and then there'll be something doing."

Ralph sat down on a chair and waited. He held the small box Mrs. Barnaby had sent him for, calmly waiting for the result of Enoch's joke to fulminate.

No sound for a length of time came from beyond the door.

He heard no noise and believed his enemy had gone. Ralph got up, went to the door and again tried it without its yielding. Again came that sneering, exultant laugh.

"How do you feel now, sissy?" called Enoch, revealing the fact of his presence, still on guard.

"Your mother'll rout you out first, you know."

"Wait till she does," jeered Enoch. "You'll be thinner than you are now when she does. I am going now. Have you any word you'd like to send any of the folks."

Ralph was silent. He shut his teeth hard, resolving to have it out with the insolent young heir when opportunity offered. Our hero had learned some things about the life at Highland Hall, as the place was called. It was rumored that the owner of the place had allowed his wife to die in an asylum, bringing his sister to keep his house, and that he had designated her son as his heir.

All of this might or might not be true. Ralph thought the rich man had chosen a very boorish sort of a chap to inherit his magnificent fortune, and found himself wondering why fortune should come to such as Enoch Barnaby while he and boys like the generous Peg were destined to fight alone the battles of life. Our hero was yet to learn that being born with an abundance of riches is not the best inheritance that can fall to a boy.

Once Ralph had heard a great man preach, and the substance of what he said was that character was everything wealth nothing. That sermon had very deeply impressed the boy and he still carried the memory of it in his heart.

He heard retreating steps and knew that Enoch had gone. Ralph went immediately about investigating. He found that the room in which he was locked was situated high up in the gabled west end, with but one small window looking forth over the slanting roof of the kitchen. The height was something dizzying.

"I don't think I should care to jump out there," and Ralph fell back shuddering.

It was no way likely, he thought, that he would be permitted to remain long where he was. Enoch's mother would see to that. His thoughts were not pleasant, however. To permit a flat-faced scamp like the housekeeper's son to imprison and make sport of him was very humiliating to a boy of Ralph Overton's independent nature. He secretly resolved to give Enoch a sound thrashing the next time they met.

Time wore on with nothing happening to relieve the monotony of his condition.

"By gracious, I don't like this!" muttered our hero. "Why don't Mrs. Barnaby send some one to unlock this door?"

Yes, why did she not? It was a pertinent question, one that vexed and annoyed the prisoner exceedingly. Ralph eased the box he had come for, into one corner, pacing the room in an angry, rebellious mood.

The dinner hour came and passed. Shadows cast by the descending sun were thrust across the floor through the narrow, diamond-shaped panes of the garret window. The gnawings of hunger manifested themselves. The joke had gone a great deal too far to suit him.

"I can stand this no longer," finally ejaculated Ralph Overton; "I'll smash down the door."

He made the attempt without success. He assaulted the door vigorously with hands and feet. The assault amounted to nothing. He discovered, to his dismay, that the door was very thick, of oak and not to be demolished with even a man's bare hands.

The prisoner kicked and pounded, yelling lustily. His kicks and yells were echo-answered alone. Way up there, under the eaves of the great house, nobody in apartments below would be likely to hear.

Enoch Barnaby's revenge was complete. However, he was laying up wrath for himself of which he little dreamed. Even at this hour he was with his mother, the two talking and laughing over some very amusing story the boy was reading from a paper.

While at the height of their hilarity the door-bell rang. Soon a man, rather poorly dressed, was ushered into the drawing-room.

"I am seeking Mr. Villaindon," said he without sitting.

"My brother isn't at home," and the woman tried to crush the caller with a supercilious stare.

"When will he be at home, madam?"

"I cannot have you two at swords' points."

"Not soon."

"How long, first?"

"I can't say."

"Where has he gone?"

"To the woods."

Mrs. Barnaby waited for the man to go. He hesitated, looking about in a nervous manner. The woman frowned, while her son moved a little closer, as though he feared the caller meditated violence.

"If I cannot see your brother, might I see the boy?"

"The boy," hesitatingly pronounced Mrs. Barnaby. "He is here. If you have anything to say to him, speak out."

Madam indicated Enoch with a bend of her head.

"Oh, no, not him—the other, Ralph Overton," quickly broke forth the caller.

"He isn't here, either," she said.

"Not here. I thought—"

"He did work here a spell," informed the woman, "but he was a bad youth and he has gone."

"Gone where?"

The visitor read seriously the face of Mrs. Barnaby.

"I don't know. He robbed my drawers and fled, that's all I can tell you," returned the housekeeper tartly.

"But there must be some mistake. That boy would never rob anybody."

The speech of the man was decisive and earnest. His listener became herself uneasy. She turned an appealing glance upon her son.

"I think it's about time you went," and Enoch turned sharply upon the visitor. "We have no information to give you, only that the boy you are looking for is a jail bird and a thief. Go look for him somewhere else than in the homes of decent people."

A shocked expression swept the face of the visitor.

"I am sorry," he said, "that you feel so harshly toward the boy who saved your uncle's life."

"Who says he saved Uncle Dick's life?"

"The fact is known of all men; you need not affect to be in ignorance," and the stranger pierced the young heir with a look that caused him to cringe from very shame.

"I am sure," cried the widow, coming to the rescue of her son, "that story has gone far enough. The shoe is on the other foot. My brother was kind enough to save this boy you speak of from prison for an act which may have been murder. Did you not hear about the death of Gilbert Gragdon, than whom no finer gentleman ever lived?"

"I heard something about it," admitted the man.

"This young Overton knocked him into Roaring Run, where the man perished. Nobody can gainsay his guilt, and it worried me to have him about here. Why, he actually threatened my Enoch. Truly I am glad that he has run away."

"I still contend that Ralph Overton is not a bad boy. I am anxious to find him; anxious to see Dick Villaindon also. I think I can convince your brother that this much maligned lad must be treated decently. I contend also that Overton saved your brother's life." The speaker whirled and passed to the door. The woman stirred uneasily.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Enoch, springing after their visitor, grasping him by the arm.

"You do well to ask," and the man turned sharply upon his interrogator. "Tell Dick Villaindon that Ethan Godfrey called to see him."

"Ethan Godfrey!" almost screamed the woman, bounding from her chair.

When she would have rushed to detain the visitor he was through the door, down the hall, going into the open air.

Mrs. Barnaby writhed and trembled on the parlor threshold, panting and wild-eyed over some terrible excitement.

"What did he mean, Enoch? What did he mean by calling himself Ethan Godfrey?"

"Why, I suppose he meant that such is his name, mother."

"No, no, he lied, he lied!" almost screamed the trembling housekeeper.

Enoch was naturally interested, puzzled also because of his parent's unusual actions. He questioned her eagerly.

"That man, Ethan Godfrey, died many years ago," explained the mother. "This person cannot be he; the dead do not return; he is an impostor!"

"Suppose he is, mother, what reason can he have to wish to go by the name of a dead man? Why does it excite you so, mother?"

Enoch was curious and deeply puzzled.

"Don't ask questions, dear boy. This man is an imposter. I can say no more now." With which not lucid explanation she swept from the room.

CHAPTER XIII.

STARTLING NEWS.

A dark and moonless night fell over Highland Hall.

Our boy hero was still a prisoner in the attic. His wits had been at work, however, and he had planned a way of escape. In searching the long, low room in which he was locked, the boy ran upon a small opening in the wall near the floor from which he plucked a long unused clothes line.

Ralph tested the strength of this, satisfying himself of its availability.

"I promised to meet Ethan Godfrey at Pastor's restaurant tonight; I am bound to keep that promise if I have to take the roof off Highland Hall."

Our hero was becoming more self-reliant every hour. He realized now, as never before, the necessity for this, and he highly resolved to do or die in the life struggle that was before him.

Soon after darkness fell Ralph set about putting his plans into execution. He made his line fast to a projecting rafter, cautiously opened the window and tossed the coils of rope over the slanting roof, down into the grass beneath. Crawling through the window our hero was soon dangling in air, high up under the eaves of the big house. It is foolish to deny that he felt fear. Even the bravest of us know what it is to thrill with that indefinable something that quickens the blood, pales the face and constricts the muscles.

Slowly and carefully the boy slid down the line. Soon his feet touched the slanting roof of the kitchen. This had the effect to ease his hands and give him renewed confidence. Slowly he slid down to the kitchen eaves. The darkness was now thick enough to eat. Ralph rested a moment on the overhang of the kitchen. His hands were smarting from the friction of the rope.

Panting, he tried to pierce the darkness beneath. He could see nothing. He heard the rattle of dishes in the kitchen and knew the cook was doing up her work for the night. The smell of viands made him wild for a taste of food. Slowly our hero swung himself over the last obstruction to his descent and went whirling downward. A rasping snap followed.

Ralph picked himself up, half stunned, from the grass. His rope had parted some ten feet from earth and he had got a severe concussion.

When at length he stood upon his feet, he felt weak and dizzy. He must have a bite to eat. He was not overcautious, since he did not imagine anybody was at the bottom of his incarceration in the attic save the ugly Enoch.

There was a light in the kitchen and our hero boldly entered. He found no one there. Without ceremony he helped himself to bread and meat from the pantry.

He was munching this when the door opened and Enoch Barnaby entered.

The red-headed boy uttered a surprised cry on seeing Ralph.

"Get up and have a bite," said Ralph, grinning as he took a big mouthful of cold chicken.

"How'd you git down?" broke from the lips of the astonished Enoch.

"How'd you s'pose?"

"Somebody let you out."

"You've another guess coming, Reddy," Ralph went on munching his chicken with the utmost coolness.

The nephew of his uncle thrust a thick tongue into one cheek, screwed up his eyes and meditated.

Our hero got to his feet, dusted off a few crumbs, and faced his enemy, suddenly resolved to do him summary harm.

"I'm going to lick you good," he declared.

The freckled boy fell back, catching up a stove shovel as he moved.

"Come on," he cried, "I am ready for you."

"Put down that shovel, you coward."

"I'll bat you good if dare touch me," snarled the bully.

"So you are afraid to meet me even handed," sneered Ralph.

"I ain't afraid, but I don't want no fuss—"

Sound of steps in the next room caused the speaker to turn his head. This was our hero's opportunity which he improved with lightning quickness. When Mr. Villaindon opened the door and peered into the supposed deserted kitchen his eyes were greeted with the sight of two boys rolling on the floor.

Ralph was uppermost, had wreathed his fingers in his opponent's topknot and was pounding his head against the floor.

"Here, here!" called the rich man, "this won't do. Stop that, Ralph, or I shall punish you good."

The chore-boy paid no heed, but continued to thump and churn his enemy's head against the floor.

The house owner stepped quickly forward, grasped Ralph by the collar and attempted to jerk him free from his nephew. This was not easily done. It is useless to deny that our hero was very, very angry, so enraged, in fact, as to forget all about his surroundings and the respect he owed his employer.

"Stop it, stop it!" roared the timberman. "Don't you see you are killing Enoch?"

The cry of his employer startled our hero back to himself. He released the hair of his enemy and sprang to his feet. Enoch, thoroughly cowed and bleeding at the nose, sat up, groaning and snivelling.

"What is this for, Ralph? I am ashamed of you!"

"Better be ashamed of your nephew," retorted Ralph. "He started the fuss."

"I didn't neither," whispered the fallen cub of a bully. "He was stealing chicken out of the pantry and all I done was to tell him to quit, when he jumped onto me like a wildcat. He's worse than a horse-thief."

"I am sorry——"

"For him of course, not for me," said Ralph, flushing and indignant. He was too proud to tell of his being locked in the garret.

"Sorry that you, Ralph, have so far forgotten your manhood as to engage in a brawl under the roof of your employer. What is it all about anyhow?"

"He began it?" said Enoch.

"Which you know is a lie," retorted our hero, unable to control his anger

"Boys, boys!" objected the timberman, in a shocked voice.

"Well, you wanted to know, and I would tell you all about it if you would let me," said Ralph, stepping out from under the hand of his employer.

"I will let you, of course."

"He'll jest tell lies if you let him talk." interjected the heir with much affectation of innocence.

"I will hear both sides of course," agreed Mr. Villaindon.

Ralph hastened to place the facts before the rich man, believing he would not approve of the actions of his nephew.

"So my nephew has been locking you in the garret, eh?" uttered the gentleman. "How is this, Master Enoch? What have you to say to this young man's accusation?"

The master of Highland Hall turned sharply upon his cringing nephew.

"Why, Uncle Dick," began the red-headed boy. "I thought you—that is, mother said——"

"Never mind what mother said," interrupted the timberman harshly. "You two boys have been making a sad show of yourselves. Come with me, Ralph, I would talk with you alone."

The rich man opened the door and bade his factotum follow, nor did he halt till they were in the office room of Mr. Villaindon.

Here the timberman ordered his young employe to sit down. The rich man touched a button illuminated the room.

Having locked the door Villaindon assured Ralph that they would be safe from interruption. "My nephew," said he, "is quick-tempered and indiscreet. I don't so much blame you for flying at him after his treatment of you. But I must tell you that I cannot have you two at swords' points in this way. There must be peace in the family, which can be accomplished only by separating you two boys. Now, how can this be done—by sending my nephew away, think you?"

"No, sir," said Ralph, "I don't think anything of the kind. I will be the one to go."

The rich man smiled grimly.

"It does look that way, certainly," said he. "I like you all right, my boy, but this sister of mine is very exacting. Peace I crave, and the only way to have it——"

"Is by my going. All right, sir," and Ralph sprang up to depart.

"Don't be so precipitate, my boy," urged the rich man. "I feel sure a way can be provided for you which will give you employment and still keep you and me friendly with each other."

"How is that, sir? You have been kind——"

"How could I be otherwise with one who saved my life?" cried the big man with much feeling. "You are very dear to me, Ralph Overton; that is why I have gone to the verge of breaking the law myself in your behalf."

"Breaking the law for me?" puzzled the boy.

"Yes, that is exactly what I have been doing."

"I could not ask you to do that, sir."

"I presume not; yet I cannot forget that you saved me from drowning——"

"Don't!" protested Ralph.

"Well, such is the fact, all the same, and that is why I sent the officers off on a wild-goose chase; and why you were locked in the garret today."

"Was I locked in because you ordered it?" questioned the astonished Ralph.

"Yes, I ordered it to save you from arrest."

"But I thought——"

"That all danger because of my foreman's death was over. I understand," went on Villandon. "Of course you had not heard."

"Heard what, Mr. Villaindon?"

"That the body of the unfortunate foreman has been found."

"No, I had not," admitted the boy, shrugging his shoulders to keep down the chill that stole along his spine.

"It is a fact. The body was found this morning, with a wound on the head where you dealt the fatal blow, Ralph Overton."

"But, good mercy!" exclaimed our hero. "I never struck the man, never in the world. Do they think that I did?"

"They certainly do," declared the timberman grimly.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### A FALSE FRIEND.

"But you did not believe this, Mr. Villaindon," cried Ralph, very much worked up over this surprising news.

"Well, you see," began the rich man in a half-hearted way, "it stands to reason that somebody hit my foreman on the head. Even if the blow was not of sufficient force to kill, it so far stunned the man as to make him powerless to save himself from the mad whirl of Roaring Run. The man is dead, and some one must answer for his murder."

Ralph's face grew pale. He saw plainly enough that he was in for no end of trouble now. He distinctly remembered that he had in no way harmed the wicked foreman save only to give him the push that sent him over the brink of Roaring Run. The timberman had seen this much; he surely saw no more.

"I think," said the boy, after a brief hesitancy, "that you will testify that I did not strike Mr. Gragdon."

"I could hardly do that, my son."

A commiserating look fell upon the face of the speaker.

"But I did not," cried the boy in pained surprise; "you know I did not, Mr. Villaindon, and you must believe me when I tell you that I never touched the man till he came near the brink of the Run; then I simply pushed him over."

"All of which may be true, my boy," answered the rich man commiseratingly.

"You know it is true, sir."

"Perhaps I do."

"Then what do you mean by saying that the foreman was struck on the head——"

"One moment," protested Villaindon. "I simply tell the facts; I am not accusing you. The body of Gilbert Gragdon has been found with skull crushed in. I saw you hurl the man into the gulch. My testimony alone in connection with the condition of the dead body will convict you of murder."

"Oh, sir, but you do not believe this of me, surely you do not?"

Ralph stood with uplifted face and damp eyes appealing to the gentler side of the rich man at whose mercy he stood.

"It does not matter what I believe," returned the hard man of money. "You are certainly in a tight place, the only salvation for you being flight."

"Which would make everybody believe me guilty."

The boy dropped his chin and retreated a step. He saw no mercy, no pity in the beady black eyes bent upon him. Again was this man showing the sunny side of his nature to his chore-boy, and the latter suddenly resolved never to trust him again. He turned and tried the door to find it locked.

A low laugh fell from the lips of Villaindon.

"It would be silly for you to rush out while you are feeling as you do at this minute," said the timberman. "The finding of the body of Gragdon has set every officer in the county on the lookout; you'd fall into the hands of one before you had gone a block."

"What if I did?" demanded the despairing boy. "You are against me; there is no chance for me to escape. I shall have to go to prison anyhow. The sooner the better. I am tired of trying to keep clear of the officers. If I did murder your foreman, as you seem to think, your keeping me hid makes you as bad, as much a murderer as I, am."

Ralph spoke in seeming desperation. He did not feel as guilty as he thought he ought. Somehow he could not think he had done very wrong in pushing Gragdon over the bluff in order to save his own life. The more he thought upon it the more convinced was he of his own justification.

"Tush, my lad, you are growing girlish. Be a man and face this out."

"Yes, sir, that is what I mean to do. Please open the door, I want to go out," pleaded our hero, completely misunderstanding the sordid, villainous nature of the man who had pretended to befriend him.

"So you are ready to face this charge of murder?"

"That I am, sir."

White of face, with close shut teeth, the boy waif stood looking squarely into the eyes of his questioner.

The nobility of the lad's character must have appealed even to this man of godless nature. He moved uneasily in his chair and stroked his shaven face with an attempt at polite, commiserating gravity.

"Just as you like, my boy," and the rich man got up and walked to the door. "I don't know why it is," he said, before inserting the key, "but it seems to me you are throwing yourself away unnecessarily."

"There can be nothing else for me, sir," respectfully rejoined the boy.

"Oh, yes, there can——"

"Nothing else, sir, nothing else!" broke out Ralph Overton with bitter feeling. "I got out of the poorhouse just in time to meet that man Gragdon and accept work from him. As soon as I got fairly at the work he turned on me, and by your orders, drove me out, refusing to pay me the little money that was my due. After this he followed me up, pretended to repent of his meanness, and coaxed me to return with him to camp. On the way he paid me what was my due, the again forced it from me—robbed me, sir, all this at your command. Now I am to go to prison because I refused to let your tool murder me. In self-defense I pushed him to his death. I don't feel guilty, and mean to tell my story if the good magistrate before whom I am tried gives me a chance. I don't think you will come out of the affair any better than I will. Please open the door. I am going to give myself up."

"No, my boy, you aren't going to do anything of the kind," retorted the rich man with sudden feeling. "You wrong me when you attribute your troubles entirely to me. Why, let me ask you, should I persecute a poor boy, I who am rich and respected?"

"It is a puzzle to me, sir."

"I should think it would be. I am going to give you some good advice after I prove to you that I am the best friend you have in the world. I have been at work all the afternoon making arrangements to get you away from this town in order to keep you out of prison. I do not believe you struck the blow that crushed Gragdon's skull, but the evidence at present is all against you, which being the case, if tried now you would surely be convicted and sent to the penitentiary for life——"

"Mercy, no! not so bad as that!" gasped Ralph.

"Quite as bad as that," assured the rich man, pleased at the impression he had made on the mind of his young auditor. "It is because you cannot now have a fair trial that I am interesting myself in your behalf, my boy. Given time we shall be able to counteract, if not disprove, the evidence now so strong against you. You must go away for a while at least."

"How can I, sir? I have no money, no friends——"

"Don't be too sure of that, my boy."

The rich man drew forth his wallet and counted out a hundred dollars.

"This will aid you till you can find work," said Villaindon.

Our hero hesitated about taking so much money.

"Take it," urged the timberman; "it is really your due since you never got paid for the work you did in my camp."

"It is more than you owe me, Mr. Villaindon," hesitated the boy.

"That doesn't matter. You have suffered through the bad actions of my foreman; besides you saved my life——"

"Sir!" with flushing cheek and burning eyes "You know I will never touch money pay—for a thing like that."

"Oh, well, I did not mean it in that way. Take half of this as your due for honest work done in my timber camp, the other fifty accept as a loan to be paid at some future time."

"Yes, if you put it that way," and our hero accepted the money.

"Now, listen to me," proceeded the timberman. "I have secured a berth for you on board a schooner down at the dock. You are to go aboard at once and stay secreted till the vessel sails, which will be about midnight. When well out on the big lake no one will ever think of looking for you there, you will be free to do as you please. You can keep me posted as to your whereabouts so that, when the coast is clear, you can return and vindicate your good name in the courts. Is this all right, Master Overton?"


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"I suppose so, sir," hesitatingly consented our hero.

Ralph was somewhat dazed over the rapid transit of events. He could not believe he was doing wrong to thus save himself from prison till the truth might be found out about the death of Gilbert Gragdon.

"Now I will accompany you to the dock and see that you are well on your way to liberty and future happiness."

The rich man unlocked the door and bade his young employe follow.

The twain met with no adventure, keeping as they did to the back streets, arriving at the dock under cover of darkness.

Villaindon led the way on board a rakish looking sailing vessel and introduced our hero to the skipper, a short, thick-set man, with a very red face and dull, leaden green eyes; not a prepossessing man, Ralph thought.

"This chap is your passenger, Captain Briggs," said he, "and I expect a good account of him in the near future. Good-by, Ralph."

The rich man wrung the hand of his young charge, nodded significantly to the skipper, then passed over the side and was gone.

Once on the dock Villaindon paused and glanced back at the dark hull of the vessel he had just quitted. He muttered as he rubbed his hands together:

"There'll be no more trouble with this very obstreperous boy. Briggs, good soul, knows how easy it is to have an accident happens, and he'll do it too."

Villaindon went home that night breathing easier than he had been doing for some time. Early morning brought a somewhat startling surprise.

"Here's your morning Herald! All about the drowning!"

Villaindon had stepped to the door as the newsboy tossed him the paper fresh from the press.

"Yes sir, boy drowned, sir, offen the schooner Rainbow, Skipper Briggs commander, you'll find it all on the first page, sir" and the newsie went whistling merrily on his way up town.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

## LABOR'S FRIEND.

"There is an ancient superstition that gentlemen of my profession won't work," said the intellectual hobo, with honest indignation. "It is false and unjust. Look at these hands! Are they not stained by honest toil?"

"They are stained with tobacco or something," said the sympathetic citizen.

"The attitude of the public toward me is entirely wrong," declared the intellectual hobo. "I see you have a lawn, with real grass on it, and it needs mowing. If a man came along with a mower and asked to do the work, the chances are you would tell him to go ahead, and when he had finished the job you would ask him how much you owed him and then you would pay him in cash without a murmur, thankful to have had his services. But if I came to your back door and asked for a sandwich you would put on a look of incorruptible virtue, and say: 'My good man, I have conscientious scruples against indiscriminate charity. Go and mow that lawn and then I'll give you a sandwich and a glass of water.' Isn't that about it?"

"I confess that I do talk in that strain sometimes under such conditions, but what would you have? So many of you homeless men call in the course of a year that one must require something in exchange for his sandwiches and cold water. If a man applies at my door for a pie or a sandwich and, it seems to me he should be willing to labor in the vineyard."

"That's what I'm coming to," exclaimed the hobo. "I venture to say that there isn't a self respecting tramp in this country who wouldn't be willing to give satisfactory service for anything he gets, but the trouble is that the opulent householder isn't satisfied with reasonable service. You would pay the ordinary man 75 cents for mowing your lawn, and thank him for coming to the rescue at a crucial time, but if I did it you would hand me a cheese sandwich with a pair of tongs, and ask me not to carry anything away when I left the premises. How can a man be expected to labor with enthusiasm when his fair is without recompense? I'd just as soon mow that lawn as not, if you paid me a satisfactory price."

"Well, what will you charge?"

"I'll mow that lawn," said the intellectual hobo, surveying the grass patch with a critical eye, for $6.40. I see you start with surprise. Of course, you can have it mowed for 75 cents, but the man who does it for such a price is a traitor to the sacred cause of labor. I am the best friend labor has. I believe that labor should get all that's coming to it. The man who does a piece of work for less than it's worth should be impeached. The thermometer registers about 250 degrees in the shade, and the flies are offensively active, and the man who pushes a lawn mower for two hours should receive at least $3 an hour, and if he takes less he trails the banner of labor in the dust."

"Your logic is sound, my friend, and $3 an hour seems a reasonable price, but you asked $6.40 for doing the job. I object to that 40 cents. It is by saving the pennies and dimes that a man acquires a competence for his old age, and I can't afford to spend 40 cents unless I get its full equivalent in labor. Suppose you come around next winter, when the heat is less trying, and mow the lawn then? Meanwhile, I see a policeman approaching to extend the courtesies of the city to you. I telephoned for him when you first arrived, as I wanted you to enjoy our hospitality for a time."

## Clothes Aid in Battles.

Probability of much night fighting in future gives added value to the new gray uniform of the German soldiers. While this attire proved its superior invisibility at the recent maneuvers during the daytime, it was in the night fighting that its effectiveness was best demonstrated. In daylight men engaged in patrol duty and security service were unseen by the enemy, but those in dark blue in the hostile forces at once drew their fire. Numerous fights took place at night with searchlights, and then it was found that the gray was universally appreciated.

Troops wearing the old uniform were clearly visible on the ground, even when lying down, while those in gray were extremely difficult to discover, even when in close order. It is obvious that any color harmonizing with the paleness of artificial light will be more effective as a shield from detection.

"The proprietor of the circus discharged the snake-charmer."

"Why?"

"Because he's a hard drinker, and as long as the snakes were around the grounds he couldn't tell which were hers and which were his."


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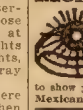

Free to every reader of this paper a Goldplated Ring set with ½-carat Mexican Diamond, Tiffany set for ladies and Belcher for gents; only one ring to each person. Just send us your name and address and 10c in coin and 2c stamp to pay for mailing and advertisement. All we ask you to do is to show your friends the catalog we send with rings. Mexican Diamond Co., 240 Mint Arcade, Phila., Pa.

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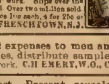

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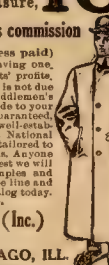
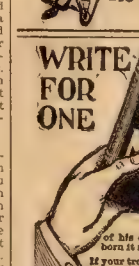


## WRITE FOR ONE

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## A VAIN PLEA.

"That front gate of ours," said Mrs. Turnover to her husband, "is a disgrace to us. I've asked you a hundred times to fix it, and you could do it in half an hour if you'd just get at it, but you can't tear yourself away from reading trifling novels long enough to do anything about the place. Mr. Barkensheller, the new minister, came to make a call this afternoon, and he had to wrestle with that gate for fifteen minutes before he could get it open, and he bruised his knuckles and tore his clothes. Do go out this minute, and fix that gate so it will swing on its hinges."

"And then all the kids in the neighborhood would be swinging on it day and night, and you'd be asking me to take the broom and chase them away," replied Turnover, languidly. "When that gate was working on its hinges freely it was more popular with the children than a merry-go-round, and they made so much noise that we never had a minute's peace. The gate is just the way I want it now."

"I regret that Mr. Barkensheller had such an unpleasant experience, but it did him no harm. A man of sedentary habits should have a certain amount of exercise, and there is nothing better than a conflict with a gate. Huxley, the great savant and thinker, when run down by study, used to go and mix things with his front gate. Then he returned to his work, a giant refreshed. I have read that Herbert Spencer derived much pleasure and profit from conquering a refractory gate."

"Oh, of course, you will sit there and talk for half a day, when you could fix the gate without a bit of trouble. I ought to know by this time that it's useless to ask you to do anything."

"Ask me to do something reasonable, something necessary, just once, my dear, and note the alacrity with which I respond. I have a passionate fondness for doing useful things. The trouble with you is that you can't distinguish necessary from superfluous tasks, and you're always asking me to do things which were better left undone. You want me to build trellises for your grapevines, when the best authorities say the grapevines will die out if they are pampered with trellises. You ask me to paint a screen door, when a little reflection would convince you that callers would get paint on their clothes, and would cuss under their breath. Now you want me to tackle a perfectly satisfactory gate, and make it unsatisfactory.

"You make it almost impossible for me to read my book with either pleasure or profit. You are eternally interrupting me, asking me to do foolish things. Less than an hour ago you said that the clock must need winding, as it was losing time. I knew that the clock didn't need winding, but, rather than argue the question, and be reproached for neglecting household duties, I got up and wound it, hoping, after that expenditure of physical force, that I might be permitted to read in peace the rest of the evening."

"Oh, do go ahead and read your trashy book! I'll see if I can fix that gate myself."

"I'm afraid I'll have to exercise my authority as head of the house and forbid any such work of reconstruction. I have told you repeatedly that the gate suits me exactly. Five hundred bores live in this neighborhood, and they come to that gate pretty nearly every evening, intending to come to the house to interrupt my reading, and talk about reciprocity and other tiresome things. That admirable gate sends them back home disgusted, nine times out of ten. I have seen them foiled a score of times. They engage in a hand to hand conflict with the gate, and sprain their wrists, and lacerate their fingers, and break their suspenders, and then they shake their fists at the house and go home. So, madam, spare that gate. Touch not a single hinge."

"I'm going to fix that gate if I have to ask all the women in the neighborhood to help me!" declared Mrs. Turnover.

Soubrette—And so I awoke one morning and found myself famous.

The Rounder—Ah, it was just the other way with me. I found myself famous, and then I awoke.

## Not the Gift She Intended.

Recently when the wealthy Mlle. de R. was to be married one of our good duchesses had to make her a present, just a little present. The duchess thought it would be useless to expend much money for a person so very rich. She thought if she would look through her vast mansion she would be able to find something, some trinket, to which the addition of her card would give sufficient glory. She finally found in her writing desk an insignificant cameo that she had once worn.

The following day she received from her young friend a letter of enthusiastic thanks: "Oh, you have been very foolish! This is too, too beautiful," etc.

"She is making sport of my little present," thought the good duchess.

Then came a second letter, this time from the husband who was to be:

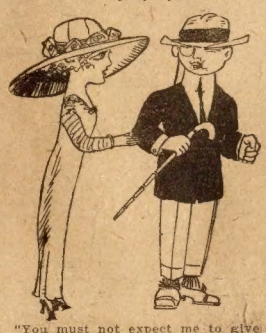
"How can we thank you? We are delighted! This will spoil us."

"The impertinent fellow," said the duchess, "he wants me to understand that I have been niggardly."

Nevertheless she went on to pay a visit to the R's before the marriage. There, in the midst of her presents, exposed in a most prominent place, she saw the little cameo placed upon her card. An old gentleman approached her. He is a member of the academy of inscriptions and belles lettres.

"What a wonderful present you have given these children, Mme la Duchess," he said. "For forty years we have been seeking for this very cameo. It is of the era of Trajan and this trinket is valued at $40,000."

Ah, the poor duchess!



"You must not expect me to give up my girlhood ways all at once."

"O, I won't! I hope you'll keep on taking an allowance from your father, just as if nothing had happened."

## Insanity Not Inherited.

"Most persons think that insanity may be directly inherited," says Homer Folks in the N. Y. State Charities' Bulletin. "This belief is undoubtedly wrong. One may inherit a greater or less tendency toward insanity. Mental instability may be inherited, just as weak constitutions may be inherited. Those who have reason to believe that there was mental troubles does not make it certain not be unduly alarmed. The fact that some of their ancestors suffered from mental troubles deos not make it certain that they will suffer likewise. These tendencies toward insanity may lie dormant during the whole lives of the individuals. But such persons should take the proper precautions to prevent the development of this tendency. As a weak constitution may be built up by healthful habits, so may mental instability be made stable by good mental and physical habits. The individual whose family has had mental trouble may often escape the disease by proper surroundings, healthful and temperate activities, and proper mental and physical habits. The most important fact in heredity is that the vast majority of ancestors of every individual were normal. Heredity tends, therefore, rather more strongly toward health than disease."

## New Use For Sugar Beets.

An entirely new use, and one that may in time become important, has been discovered for sugar beets. This is the making of them into flour.

This flour is now being manufactured in considerable quantities at Suresnes, in France, where an immense dryer has been built for the purpose.

The first part of the process consists in chopping up the beets and drying the water out of them. They contain to start with 72 per cent of water, nearly all of which is removed by evaporation. By this means 100 pounds of dry material is obtained from 357 pounds of beets.

This dry material contains more than 70 per cent of sugar, and therefore on being ground to a fine meal is exceeding sweet and adapted to the making of cakes and puddings.

One kind of a dreamer is a city man who wants to own a chicken farm.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1 Baby's Script Alphabet, 1½ in. letters.
1 Shirt Waist Set.
1 Corset Cover.
1 Tie End.
1 Towel Border.
1 Dutch Collar.
1 Sleeve Ornament (Star and Bars).
1 12in. Centerpiece.
2 Scallop Borders.
1 Butterfly.
1 Neckpoe.
1 Jabot.
1 Pin Cushion.
1 Bow Knot.
1 Spray Pansy.
3 Sprays Carnations.
1 Spray Wheat.
1 Spray Poppies.
3 Sprays Violets.
3 Sprays Holly.
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# Little Stories

## Even That.

Representative Nye of Minnesota has much of the wit of his lamented brother, Bill Nye. Himself a lawyer, Representative Nye said at a lawyers' banquet in Minneapolis:

"Lawyers have grand reputations for energy and perseverance. A lad said to his father one day:

"'Father, do lawyers tell the truth?'

"'Yes, my boy,' the father answered. 'Lawyers will do anything to win a case.'"

The Pugilist—I'd like a pair of gloves for me sister.

Saleslady—What size, please?

The Pugilist—Better make 'em about five ounces.

## Man With Gloves.

"It's pretty hard to feaze the average commercial traveler, but I saw several of them get it good and hard up at Hartford. Several were standing about the desk of the hotel when a New York drummer who was well known to the clerk entered. He wore a pair of new gloves, and he started to pull them off with an air of importance as he looked the clerk straight in the eyes and said, 'Good evening.'

"'Good evening, sir,' replied the clerk, aware that some thing was up.

"'Have you a good room?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'You are sure it is a good room? I find in traveling about that many of the best rooms in the hotels are preempted in these days by low peddlers. Some call them commercial travelers and some drummers. But they make it very hard for a gentleman to travel decently nowadays.'

"One of the bystanders stepped forward.

"'Say, look here,' he said, 'I have heard what you said and I want you to know that I am a commercial traveler or drummer or peddler, as you call it, and—'

"The other cut him short. 'Sir,' he said, 'pray remember that I was addressing the room clerk and not you,' and he took his key and marched off.

"'Well, say, what do you think of that?' demanded the drummer. 'I suppose that mean cuss never did a day's work in his life. I guess he got his money from a rich daddy.'

"'Rich daddy, your granny!' said the clerk, 'you'll see him go out of here tomorrow with a big package of dry-goods under his arm.'

"'Say do you mean to tell me that fellow was stringing me?' demanded the affronted one. 'Well, that's the cleverest thing anybody has ever put over on me.'

"Then he waited until the man with the new gloves came downstairs again and carried him off to the bar."

## Her Memory System.

Mrs. Jay's husband says that the only flaw in the armor of that good lady's perfection is her memory. She is a charming woman, but she cannot remember things accurately, and especially those things which are not, after all of larger import. If she is introduced to a Mrs. De Smythe it is a safe bet that before the afternoon is over she will address her as Mrs. De Jones, and men's names she cannot remember at all. She has tried hard to overcome this slight defect in her social makeup, and latterly, through the adoption of a memory system, has shown some signs of improvement, although Mr. Jay says that it does not as yet quite work as accurately as he might desire. As an instance of this he says that, while spending a month at a Southern resort in the early spring, Mrs. Jay became acquainted, during his absence in town, with a delightful little woman, to whom, upon Jay's return she was very desirous of introducing him. Unfortunately, at the first opportunity that presented itself the good lady was utterly unable to remember her friend's name, and the chance was lost.

"You might inquire at the desk what her name is, and then we'll go right to her and I'll introduce you before I forget," said Mrs. Jay.

That evening, while the happy couple were arraying themselves for dinner, Jay remarked:

"By the way, my dear, that lady's name is Woodman—W, double O, D, M, A, N—Woodman. Think you can remember that?"

"O, yes, so it is," giggled Mrs. Jay. "Well, anyhow, I'll try my memory system on it. I'll think of the poem:

"'Woodman, spare that ax.'"

"Ax," echoed Jay, with a roar of laughter. "Ax? Why, my dear child, it isn't 'ax'—it's 'tree.' The line is:

"'Woodman, spare that tree.'"

"O, yes, so it is," giggled Mrs. Jay. "Well anyhow, it's 'Woodman,' and I shan't forget."

After dinner Jay spent a short time in the smoking room with his cigar, and about 9 o'clock entered the music room, where Mrs. Jay and Mrs. Woodman were sitting.

"Henry, dear," cried Mrs. Jay, beaming, as her husband entered, "come over here—I want you to meet my friend, Mrs.—er—my friend Mrs. Ax."

There was an unrehearsed tableau at this point, which Jay says was a remarkable success, although he has no particular desire to see it a second time.

## Chinatown's Boy Artist.

A crowd of Chinatown sightseers got a little more for their money than had been promised them when they left Times Square one evening recently, the New York Sun says. When the sightseeing wagon stopped in front of one of the chop suey houses the attention of the occupants was attracted by a small boy, 10 or 11 years old, with a piece of white chalk in his hand.

The youngster began by numbering off five flagstones, using his left hand and going backward. He then wrote across the top of all five, "A shooting in Chinatown." By this time a large crowd had gathered and a second sightseeing wagon had unloaded.

The lad continued, to the great amusement of the crowd, by drawing on flag No. 5 a patrol wagon with a squad of policemen struggling with a Chinaman in an effort to wrest a gun from him. On the third flagstone the Chinaman was seen standing over the dead body of a fellow countryman, holding a revolver, and the policeman is shown in the distance, followed by a mob hurrying to the scene. The second stone had the yellow man firing the shot and his victim falling.

The child now stopped for a breathing spell and also to glance at his large audience before he finished on flagstone No. 1, with the cause of this. The crowd waited anxiously while the young artist-author drew the two pigtailed men in a hot war of words, with one Chinaman pulling the other's queue.

The boy, after completing his work, stood for a moment to see how it looked. The sightseers began showering money at him and almost filled his cap. He might have had some Chinese blood, but most of the crowd thought him Italian. His work was very plain, and every point was clear, but his idea in doing things backward was a puzzle to those looking on.

## Sarcasm of a Tourist.

"Florida in the late winter and early spring is a delightful place to visit," said John Jacob Astor, at tea beneath a palm at Palm Beach.

"But," said Mr. Astor, "some people think that in any Florida town for $1.50 a day they will get the luxury that we find here, or in St. Augustine, or in Miami.

"I know a man who, arriving at a kind of 'busted boom' resort in the hammock lands of Orange County, said to the hotel clerk with a sarcastic smile:

"'It's wonderful what havoc time makes.'

"'Yes. I was thinking,' explained my friend, 'what a magnificent building this hotel was in the circular I saw before leaving New York yesterday—and, alas! look at it now.'"

## Neither Bull nor Bear.

Charles M. Schwab, in a recent interview, pointed out the folly of ignorant speculation.

"The average man, with no knowledge of finance," he said, "has no business to speculate. Let him do so and his case is Jones' all over again.

"Jones stepped in at a garage one morning to see about selling off his two automobiles.

"'I heard you have been speculating on the stock exchange, Mr. Jones,' the agent said, politely.

"'Yes,' said Jones. 'Now, these cars, understand, can be had cheap for cash.'

"'Were you a bull or a bear, sir?' asked the agent.

"'Neither,' said Jones, gruffly. 'I was an ass.'"

## Old-Fashioned Sea Dog.

They got to telling stories at the Army and Navy club about Admiral Sir John Fisher, who recently resigned as first sea lord of England. Admiral Fisher is a bluff, blunt, old-fashioned seaman, about whom anecdotes cluster as bees on a honeycomb. One of the classics has to do with a former bos'n on Fisher's ship, who insisted upon seeing him at the admiralty offices in London. Fisher was busy, and refused to be bothered. "He'll stay huntil Hi do see 'im," said the boatswain.

Sir John was not in good humor, and when this was reported to him he snapped out; "I'll see him in hell."

The boatswain had edged into the office and heard this promise. "Hi know that, Sir John," said he, "but Hi wants to 'ave a talk with you first."

And he had the talk. One recent morning, according to the gossip that has come across the sea, Sir John, very grumpy, stalked into his office. A very polite—an effusively polite—caller awaited him. "And how are you this morning, Sir John?" he asked.

"Fisher bent his brows at the visitor. "How should any gentleman feel at this hour in the morning?" he asked.

## Just as Good.

Dr. Bertha C. Downey at a luncheon in Worcester, Mass., eloquently pleaded for her tax on childless husbands.

"There would be fewer childless husbands," Dr. Downey ended, "if there were fewer extravagant wives. Take the case of hats alone. It is nothing for a woman to decorate her hat with aigrettes and paradise plumes worth $80 or $1. Few men can afford aigrettes, paradise plumes and children at the same time.

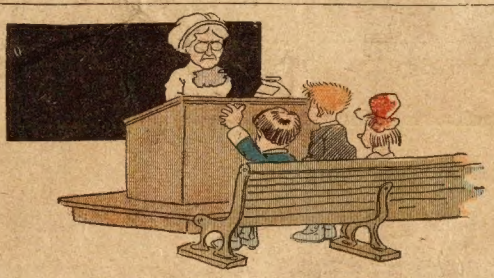
"Why," said Dr. Downey, "I heard a story the other day about a man who said:

"'Brown seems to be succeeding now. What is the secret of it?'

"'Well,' was the reply, 'he met Gobsa Golde's daughter, an heiress, who spends $1,000 a year on hats alone, and—'

"'And, of course, he married her, eh?'

"'No, no! He married her milliner.'"



The Teacher—When Cincinnatus left his plow standing in the furrow where did he go and what did he do?

Little Harold—Went off and had a good time, I s'pose.

The Teacher—Don't you remember he went and raised an army, and saved his country?

Little Harold—Yes, I read that; but I thought that was just what he told his wife.

## Both Futile and Useless.

James Creelman, at a dinner in New York, said of an opponent of civil service:

"If this man had his way he would render our civil service boards as futile as the career of Tom Slack.

"Tom Slack was a lawyer, but I doubt if he had a case a year. One hot afternoon he decided to take a breezy ferry ride, so he put on his door:

"'Back in two hours.'

"On his return he found that some one had written underneath:

"'What for?'"

## A Brief Yarn.

Winston Churchill once began to raise a mustache and while it was still in the budding stage he was asked at a dinner party to take out to dinner an English girl who had decided opposite political views. "I am sorry," said Mr. Churchill, "we cannot agree on politics." "No, we can't," rejoined the girl, "for to be frank with you, I like your politics about as little as I do your mustache." "Well," replied Mr. Churchill, "remember that you are not really likely to come into contact with either."


### Free Asthma and Hay Fever Cure.

D. J. Lane, a chemist at 116 Lane Building, St. Marys, Kansas, manufactures a remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1 bottle by express to anyone who will write for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures, and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.


## Her Secret Safe.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the actress, is not kindly inclined to criticism of her work. At a rehearsal of a new play one morning, her manager, Charles Frohman stopped Mrs. Campbell and said:

"Mrs. Campbell, it seems to me that those lines should be delivered thus," repeating the lines in question. Mrs. Campbell drew herself up and said:

"Mr. Frohman, I am an artist."

"That is all right, Mrs. Campbell," replied the urbane manager. "I assure you I will never reveal your secret."


### TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD!

**Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.**

No woman need any longer dread the pains of child-birth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at child-birth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 200 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.


### The Only Tie.

"They quarrel a good deal."

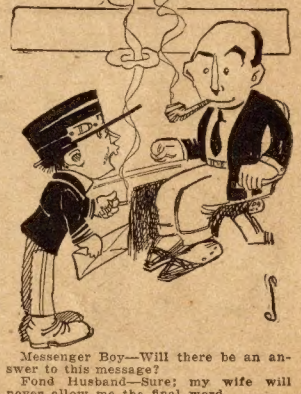
"Yes; there's only one tie that keeps them together."

"And that is?"

"Her new gown. Having no maid, she has to depend on her husband to hook her up the back."


### LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Messenger Boy—Will there be an answer to this message?

Fond Husband—Sure; my wife will never allow me the final word.

When a woman forgives a man she never allows him to forget it.

## Look Out, Autoists!

"For the benefit of the many automobile owners in this city, says the Ripon, Wis., Weekly Press, we print the following rules which were adopted by the Farmers' Anti-Automobile Society:

"1. Upon discovering an approaching team, the automobilist must stop offside and cover his machine with a blanket painted to correspond with the scenery.

"2. The speed limit on country roads this year will be a secret and the penalty for violation will be $10 for every mile an offender is caught going in excess of it.

"3. In case an automobile makes a team run away, the penalty will be $50 for the first mile, $100 for the second and $200 for the third, etc., that the team runs, in addition to the usual damages.

"4. On approaching a corner where he cannot command a view of the road ahead the automobilist must stop not less than 100 yards from the turn, toot his horn, ring a bell, fire a revolver, halloo and send up three bombs at intervals of five minutes.

"5. Automobiles must be seasonably painted—that is, so they will merge with the pastoral ensemble and not be startling. They must be green in spring, golden in summer, red in autumn and white in winter.

"6. Automobiles running on country roads at night must send up a red rocket each mile, and wait ten minutes for the road to clear. They must then proceed carefully, blowing their horns and shooting Roman candles.

"7. All members of the society will give up Sunday to chasing automobiles, shooting and shouting at them and making arrests and otherwise discouraging country touring on that day.

"8. In case a horse will not pass an automobile, the automobilist will take the machine apart as rapidly as possible and conceal the parts in the grass.

"9. In case an automobile approaches a farmhouse when the roads are dusty, it will slow down to one mile an hour and the chauffeur will lay the dust in front of the house with a hand sprinkler worked over the dashboard."

## Scheme to Water Flowers.

One of the most effective window demonstrations which recently entertained gaping New Yorkers moved not, spoke not and drew no salary, but interested the crowd. The exhibition took place in a florist's window. It consisted of a huge tin pail of water standing on a table about four feet from the floor. Hanging over the edge of the pail were strips of muslin varying in width from one to three inches. These muslin strips were firmly anchored at one end inside the pail by means of weights, while the other end rested on flower pots which were arranged in a circle around the table.

"We are giving this demonstration," the florist said, "to show people how to water their plants when they shut up their apartment and go away for four or five days at a time. The water soaks slowly through the muslin into the earth and keeps it at a uniform moisture. The width of the muslin strips varies with the size of the flower pots. A pail of this size will supply all of these flowers for a week."

## Singular Marriage.

The following curious record of a marriage ceremony is taken from the records of Scituate, R. I.:

"I hereby certify that Isaac Howard of Scituate in the County of Providence &c. Took Hepsozed Darbee a poor Widow Woman as She come to him in the Kings Highway in her sheft in sd Scituate aforesd to be his Wife and that they the sd Isaac and the sd Hepsozed was Lawfully joined Together in marriage the 7th day of April 1770 in the foresd Highway in the presence of Capt. Thomas Fry, Benajah Place and Benjamin Wells and others before me the Subscriber, Jeremiah Angell,

"Justice of the Peace.

"Recorded March 18, 1774.

"Pr Gidn. Harris, Town Clerk."

Miss Butee—When you refused Bert did he keep his promise and jump off the high bridge?

Miss Hansom—Yes; but he paid $40 and had a net stretched to jump into.

# GET FIVE PATTERN COUPONS FREE

### Hundreds of Patterns to select from and all the time you need to select them.

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. We think our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. To meet this need we have arranged to give our readers a pattern service that is unexcelled.

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**7097—Fancy Waist, 34 to 42 bust.** For a woman of medium size will be required 2¼ yards of material 27, 36 or 44 inches wide, with 2¾ yards of banding, ½ yard of all-over lace for under sleeves, 1 yard for under sleeves and yoke.

**7086—One-Piece Waist, 34 to 42 bust. 7072—Six Gored Skirt, 22 to 32 waist.** For a woman of medium size the blouse will require 2 yards of material 27, 1⅝ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard of satin 27 inches wide and ½ yard of all-over lace and ⅞ yards of lace 9 inches wide for the under-sleeves. For the skirt will be needed 5 yards of material 27, 3¾ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 1½ yards 27 for trimming.

**7052—Semi-Princesse Gown, 34 to 42 bust.** For a woman of medium size will be required 7¾ yards of material 27, 5¾ yards 36 or 4½ yards 44 inches wide, with 1½ yards of silk to trim as illustrated and ⅝ yard of all-over lace.

**7109—Long or Three-Quarter Length Coat for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.** For the 16 year size will be required 6⅝ yards of material 27 inches wide, 6 yards 44 or 52 if material has figure or nap, 4 yards 44 or 52 inches wide if material has neither figure nor nap, with 1 yard of silk for collar and smaller portions of cuff.

**7111—Girl's Coat, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.** For the 10 year size will be required 4¾ yards of material 27 inches wide, 4¼ yards 36 or 2½ yards 44 or 52 inches wide, with 2⅝ yards of braid.

**7095—Open Dart-Fitted Drawers, 24 to 34 waist.** The quantity of material required for the medium size is 1½ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with ½ yard of additional material, 2½ yards of insertion, 3 yards of edging and 1⅝ yards of beading to make with curved lower edges as illustrated; 2½ yards of embroidery and 1⅝ yards of insertion to make with straight lower edges and with frills of embroidery.

**7089—Fancy Blouse, 34 to 44 bust. 7018—Five-Gored Skirt, 22 to 34 waist.** For a woman of medium size the blouse will require 2¾ yards of material 27 inches wide, 1¼ yards 36 or 44, ⅝ yard satin 27 and ⅞ yard of all-over lace 18 for trimming, yoke, stock collar, and under sleeves, ⅝ yard for fancy collar and cuffs, for medium size. For the skirt will be needed 6⅛ yards of material 27 inches wide, 5¼ yards 36, 4 yards 44 for plain skirt when material has figure or nap; 5¼ yards 27 inches wide, when material has neither figure nor nap; 4½ yards 27 inches wide, 3¾ yards 36, 2¾ yards 44 for upper portion. 2 yards 27 or 36, 1¼ yards for flounce to make as shown in back view, width of plain skirt at lower edge 2¾ yards, width of flounce 3 yards, for medium size.

**7094—Four Gored Skirt, 22 to 34 waist.** For the medium size will be required 5 yards of material 27 or 36 or 3⅜ yards 44 inches wide, the width of the skirt at lower edge is 2¾ yards, or 2½ yards when the plaits are laid.

**7104—Girl's Chemise Night-Gown, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.** For a girl of 10 years of age will be required 3½ yards of material 36 or 44 inches wide, with 2 yards of insertion, 4½ yards of edging and 1¼ yards of beading.

### HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERN COUPONS.

Here is the way we will do it: To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to The Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of The Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you will have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modistes of New York and Paris, and are all up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

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## The Ledger's Splendid Free Pattern Offer. Read All About It

## THE SPELL.

There was once a good king, who ruled over a wide and prosperous land where the fields were white with grain and the ports were filled with foreign ships, bringing rich merchandise from afar. Now, the king had three daughters, the eldest of whom was so beautiful that she was asked in marriage by the prince of the neighboring country. Great were the festivities on the wedding day. The feasting was kept up a week, and each morning the king stood on the balcony of the palace and cast down handfuls of gold to the waiting throng.

But after the princess and her young husband had sailed away a strange change came over the character of the king. From being the most kind and genial of men he became morose and sullen, and from being open-handed and generous he became suspicious and miserly. Instead of ruling the people wisely and justly he became harsh and tyrannical, so that the country from being a most prosperous land began to lose ground and to be less well thought of. Though the fields continued to be equally fertile the king raised the taxes to such an extent that the farmers could barely get a living. They left their fields lying idle and sailed away to lands better governed. Since there was nothing to take back in exchange, the richly-laden ships from foreign ports came less and less frequently, till by the time the princess had been married seven years they ceased coming altogether.

Of course the people did not let their country go to ruin without making an effort to save it. The prime minister had many long and serious talks with the king on the subject, and the people sent in many petitions, but without avail. The king would hear none of them, and passed all his days glooming in the great hall of state. But at last the people came to the conclusion that the king must be bewitched, and they offered large rewards to any one that would break the spell, but no one was able to do it.

Finally, on the tenth anniversary of her wedding, the princess set out with her husband and two children to pay her father a visit. She had a little daughter whose name was Moonlight and an older son whose name was Sunnybeam. The children had heard so much of their kind grandfather and of the beautiful country he ruled that they were eager to see him. As their ship sped along over the blue water they could think of nothing else, but when they reached the land and saw the idle ships dropping to pieces at their moorings and the houses ill cared for and battered and the poor looking inhabitants, they were puzzled, and their mother, the princess, was puzzled, too. In her own country she had heard nothing of the great change that had befallen the king. She feared that he was dead and the country without a leader, and she hastened to the palace.

Up the dust-covered stairs she went with her husband and two children, till they came to the royal rooms where the king was sitting, his bowed head resting in his hands. The princess was so amazed at the change in his appearance that she halted and stood perfectly still on the threshold. At first she could not believe that it was the king, her father, but recognizing her two sisters, who were standing in the room, she took courage and advanced a step. Already little Sunnybeam had run forward and, flinging his arms about the king's neck, had given him a hearty kiss but the king still sat with his head in his hands and paid no attention to the hearty greeting. The princess inquired of her sisters the cause of the change in the king but they replied that no one knew.

All day the princess and her husband tried to cheer the king, but he did not respond to their kindness, and at last they left him, much discouraged. Then Sunnybeam and Moonlight thought they would like to have a picnic in the palace grounds. Their mother determined to make their stay as pleasant as possible and gave them some sandwiches and cakes and other good things, and they ran off under the trees. They had just set out the lunch and were about to begin eating when a strange looking old woman came hobbling up.

Sunnybeam, who always loved everybody, called to her to come and have some of their picnic. So the old woman sat down with them and ate sandwiches and cakes and candy and other good things, and when she had finished she asked them their names. On being told that they were the grandchildren of the king of the country she was much surprised and delighted.

"Well, then," she cried, "since you have asked me to dine with you, the old insult is wiped out. I am the fairy that the king didn't invite to his daughter's wedding and I have been angry ever since. That's why things have been going topsy-turvy in the land. Now that my wounded feelings are soothed, I will take the spell off the king."

The children left her and ran back to the palace, where they found everything in a state of joy and commotion, for the king's melancholy had dropped from him like a great weight. The people in the palace took heart, spread a great feast and issued proclamations, so that the discouraged populace hoped again and began to till their fields and to plant corn. By the time the princess was ready to leave for home the country was on the high road to prosperity.

### Children in India.

Japan, said the returned missionary, is sometimes called the paradise of children, but that name could not by any means be given to India. Here children, and especially the small ones, are sadly neglected. In the cool season you will see the men bundling themselves up in big sheets, while the little ones are shivering around entirely without clothing—a custom that seems to be due to a strange idea that no matter how cold it may be a child does not need any covering. In consequence, children suffer greatly from colds and coughs, and of course, many die.

I saw a pretty incident when I was preaching one early morning in December in a country village when it was really cold. Two little girls about 5 or 6 years old were in the company before me. One of them had managed to get hold of a piece of old cloth, a yard or so square, and this they proceeded to share by sitting down side by side and drawing the cloth around them both, making in spite of dirt and discomfort, a pretty picture of unselfish affection.

Children, especially of the poorest class, are allowed to eat anything they can lay their hands on, and as I have seen them munching green cucumbers and raw grain I have wondered sometimes that any of them ever live to grow up. Probably their mothers are too lazy to see that their children are fed with proper food.

During a good part of every year sore eyes are common. Little children are the worst sufferers, for their mothers have a dread of water for any form of disease. You will see scores and hundreds of poor little sufferers, in all stages of the disease, whose eyes have not been bathed or washed since the inflammation began. They have no idea of the best way of treating the trouble and their attempts to cure the inflammation when it becomes severe are worse than the disease itself. Think of putting cayenne pepper into an inflamed eye or of burning the upper side of the lid with a red hot wire!

Some of their "remedies" actually destroy the eye. On one occasion a high caste man and his wife came to me with their little daughter, 4 or 5 years old, to see if I could do anything for her eyes. She had been suffering from inflamed eyes, and I saw at a glance she was totally blind. When I asked them what they had done to her eyes, they said they had put pounded glass into them.

### Nixie and Jim.

There are two little dogs that live out in a small country town, and they are the best of friends and yet as different as they can possibly be. Their names are Jim and Nixie. Nixie is quiet and lazy and loves a warm fire and a comfortable rug more than anything else in the world. Jim is full of energy and go and would rather be out of doors in the cold than anywhere he knows of. Jim is a neat, trim little fellow, with crisp white curls and a tail perpetually erect. Nixie has black, straight hair and slouches along the street.

The chief difference, and the one I started to tell you about, is that Jim loves a bath and Nixie hates one. When Nixie gets so dirty that his coat is green with dust his mistress may innocently remark, "Well, Nix, I guess you'll have a bath today."

Instantly Mr. Nix slinks off and, when they get water ready and the soap and towels and come back to look for something to bathe, Nixie has entirely disappeared and can be discovered nowhere. Perhaps an hour's hard search will find him under the widest bed or burled deep in the darkest closet. The family now have learned never to speak the word "bath" in Nixie's presence, for he takes it as a personal insult. If he even hears the water running he seems to feel just as badly insulted and he soon disappears.

See the contrast between him and Jimmy. In the summer time Jimmy has been known to walk three miles to the river for the swim that awaits him there, and even in the freezing cold weather the water seems to lose none of its charm. If he can get through the ice in he goes and swims around, grinning with delight.

One morning his master turned the water on in the tub for his own bath and, leaving the room for a minute, came back to find Jim swimming around the tub as contentedly as you please. He does that every time he gets a chance, but the family know his little tricks now and keep a sharp watch on their morning plunges.

Perhaps Jim's love for water is the reason why his coat always looks so fresh and curly. Sometimes when the two dogs are lying together before the fire it seems as if Jim were talking to Nixie on the subject of cleanliness, but probably his scoldings will never do any good. Some dogs are born to be dirty.

Why is it that in September his books weigh like this

And in June they weigh like this?

### On the Warpath.

A horse became nervous and ran away. It was in New York city, and one of New York's trusted policemen was at hand to jump at the bridle and try to stop the frightened animal. The horse was not to be stopped, however, by any policeman. It dashed on down the street and everything and everybody got out of the way. Almost everybody, that is. Two men saw the horse coming, with the policeman hanging from the bridle, and one of them had a thought. A cigar store Indian was at hand and he and the other man dragged it into the middle of the street, in the path of th runaway. The wooden figure stood with tomahawk upraised, fiercely offering a bundle of wooden tobacco leaves to whoever cared to partake. He was not an inviting object, even to human eyes, and to a horse, especially a nervous horse, he was frightful. The runaway forgot what he had been nervous about before. He saw the threatening figure in the road, and he stopped. He was more frightened than ever, but in a different way. He was so frightened that he could not move. He stood still and shivered, and would not go forward or back until the Indian with his tomahawk and tobacco had been carried to the place in front of the cigar store. Then the nervous horse heaved a sigh and meekly permitted himself to be driven away.

### Chairs.

Chairs were not introduced into England until about the fourteenth century, and then they were not in common use. Fractious children bewailing the want of a chair used to be told to "sit upon their thumbs" as if that were a common method of sitting before chairs made their appearance.

## THE HURRICANE.

I used to meet an aged man
A-plodding down the lane.
Sometimes he walked unaided;
Sometimes he had a cane.
"Oh, aged man, oh, ancient man,"
I asked, "please make it plain
Why 'tis you often go without,
Yet often use a cane."
He smiled a funny, toothless smile;
Then said: "I will explain;
I take my stick when I'm in haste,
For it's my hurry cane."

### Forgetting.

How often boys and girls forget! Sometimes it does not make much difference and sometimes it does. Jimmie McGovern forgot that he had been playing Indian, and there were some painful consequences. Whether Jimmie was spanked is not a matter of public record, but probably he was, at least, the consequences were painful to Mamie Roberts.

Both children live in the same building in Brooklyn. They went to a vacant lot to play Indian, and that is where everything happened. Mamie was the settler's wife and Jimmie was the tribe of blood-thirsty Indians that captured her and dragged her screaming from her log cabin and tied her to a stake to be burned to death. The game went all right as far as the tying to a stake, and then the Indian tribe prepared to turn into a boy scout and rescue the female in distress. The process of change was almost complete when a fire engine clanged and rattled down the next street. Jimmie forgot. He forgot that he was an Indian, turning into a boy scout and he forgot that Mamie was tied to a stake. He ran after the fire engine. He stayed at the fire, too, and then he thought of Mamie, but he was too frightened by the thought of her to go back. He knew that he would probably get his nose punched and be spanked, too, when he should go home. He knew that something would happen some time, but he put off the happening as long as possible and then went home. There was a large row at home when he got there. Mamie's mother was running around in little circles, not knowing what had become of her daughter, and then Jimmie was prevailed on to tell. Everybody went to the vacant lot, and there was the settler's wife still tied to her stake and just about as angry as a small girl can be when a boy has forgotten all about her.

### Whipping in Eton.

There is good news for the English boys at Eton college. Eton, you know, is one of the great boarding schools of England. It is as famous as Rugby, where Tom Brown, whom you ought to have read about by this time, went to school many years ago.

The good news concern whipping. It is not that whipping is to be stopped. No, indeed! Whipping is an established custom in English schools, and in England established customs are not done away with so easily as all that. The good news is this: The older boys are not to be switched any more. They are to be caned instead, and there is to be a thickness of trousers between the cane and the boy that is caned. The younger boys, who, it seems, are thought to be as wicked as ever, are still to be switched whenever switching is held by the masters to be desirable and good for the boys, and there is no rule that requires the presence of trousers between the switch and that which is switched. There are some men that make a living by gathering and selling birch switches to use for whipping English schoolboys. There is never a boy that leaves one of the great English schools without asking for a switch that he has felt the weight of, and he always gets it to keep forever as a souvenir—unless he has been such a prig that no one has ever found a reason for whipping him. There are not many English boys like that, or many American boys, either.

### Tot Wit.

"It seems to me, Harry," said a father to his small son, "that everything I say to you goes in at one ear and out at the other."

"Well," replied the little fellow, "I s'pose that's what I've got two ears for."

"Elmer, my boy," said the fond mother, "don't you think you have eaten enough of that chicken salad?"

"Well, mamma," replied Elmer, as he helped himself to another dishful, "if I get sick you'll know what's the matter with me, anyway."

Aunt May—Johnny, you bad boy, you have molasses taffy all over your new suit! What will mamma say?

Johnny—Oh, it doesn't make much difference what she says. She never lets me have any fun in new clothes until I get them spoiled.